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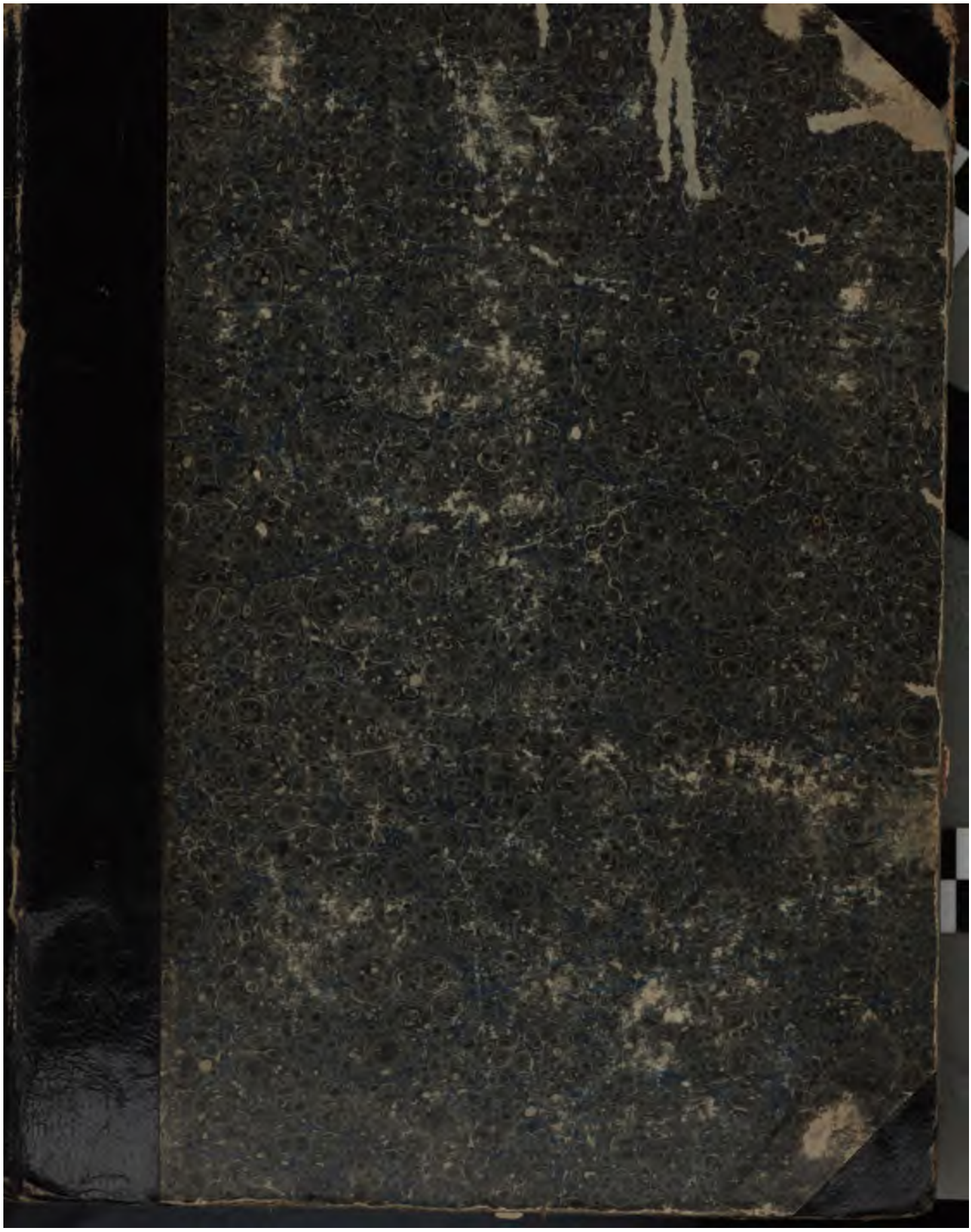

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LEWESDON HILL

A POEM.

Χαιρ' ω πεδον αγχιαλον,
Και μ' ευπλοιᾳ πεμψον αμεμπτως
Ενθ' ἡ μεγαλη μοιρα κομιζει,
————χω πανδαματωρ
Δαιμων, ος ταυτ' επεκρανεν.

SOPH.

Farewell thy printleſs ſands and pebbly ſhore!
I hear the white ſurge beat thy coaſt no more,
Pure, gentle ſource of the high, rapturous mood!——
——Wheree'er, like the great Flood, by thy dread force
Propell'd—ſhape Thou my calm, my blameleſs courſe,
Heaven, Earth and Ocean's Lord!—and Father of the Good!

* * *

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T H E A U T H O R.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Hill which gives title to the following Poem is ſituated in the weſtern part of Dorſetſhire. This choice of a Subject, to which the Author was led by his reſidence near the ſpot, may ſeem perhaps to confine him to topics of mere rural and local deſcription. But he begs leave here to inform the Reader that he has advanced beyond thoſe narrow limits to ſomething more general and important. On the other hand he truſts, that in his fartheſt excurſions the connexion between him and his ſubject will eaſily be traced. The few notes which are ſubjoined he thought neceſſary to elucidate the paſſages where they are inſerted. He will only add in this place, from Hutchins's Hiſtory of Dorſetſhire, (Vol. I. p. 366.) what is there ſaid of Leweſdon (or, as it is now corruptly called, Lewſon) 'This and Pilleſdon Hill, 'ſurmount all the hills, though very high, between them 'and the ſea. Mariners call them the *Cow and Calf*, in 'which forms they are fancied to appear, being eminent 'ſea-marks to thoſe who ſail upon the coaſt.'

To the top of this Hill the Author deſcribes himſelf as walking on a May morning.

LEWESDON HILL.

UP to thy ſummit, LEWESDON, to the brow
Of yon proud riſing, where the lonely thorn
Bends from the rude South-eaſt, with top cut ſheer
By his keen breath, along the narrow track
By which the ſcanty-paſtured ſheep aſcend
Up to thy furze-clad ſummit, let me climb;
My morning exerciſe; and thence look round
Upon the variegated ſcene, of hills,
And woods, and fruitful vales, and villages
Half-hid in tufted orchards, and the ſea
Boundleſs, and ſtudded thick with many a ſail.

Ye dew-fed vapours, nightly balm, exhaled
From earth, young herbs and flowers, that in the morn
Aſcend as incenſe to the Lord of day,
I come to breathe your odours; while they float
Yet near this ſurface, let me walk embathed
In your inviſible perfumes, to health
So friendly, nor leſs grateful to the mind,
Adminiſtring ſweet peace and cheerfulneſs.

How changed is thy appearance, beauteous hill!
Thou haſt put off thy wintry garb, brown heath
And ruſſet fern, thy ſeemly-colour'd cloak
To bide the hoary froſts and dripping rains
Of chill December, and art gaily robed
In livery of the ſpring: upon thy brow
A cap of flowery hawthorn, and thy neck
Mantled with new-ſprung furze and ſpangles thick
Of golden bloom: nor lack thee tufted woods
Adown thy ſides: Tall oaks of luſty green,
The darker fir, light aſh, and the neſh tops
Of the young hazel join, to form thy ſkirts

In many a wavy fold of verdant wreath.
So gorgeouſly hath Nature dreſt thee up
Againſt the birth of May; and, veſted ſo,
Thou doſt appear more gracefully array'd
Than Faſhion's worſhippers; whoſe gaudy ſhews,
Fantaſtical as are a ſick man's dreams,
From vanity to coſtly vanity
Change ofter than the moon. Thy comely dreſs,
From ſad to gay returning with the year,
Shall grace thee ſtill till Nature's ſelf ſhall change.

Theſe are the beauties of thy woodland ſcene
At each return of ſpring: yet ſome delight
Rather to view the change; and fondly gaze
On fading colours, and the thouſand tints
Which Autumn lays upon the varying leaf.
I like them not; for all their boaſted hues
Are kin to Sickline ſs: mortal Decay
Is drinking up their vital juice; that gone,
They turn to ſear and yellow. Should I praiſe
Such falſe complexions, and for beauty take
A look conſumption-bred? As ſoon, if gray

Were mixt in young Louiſa's treſſes brown,
I'd call it beautiful variety,
And therefore doat on her. Yet I can ſpy
A beauty in that fruitful change, when comes
The yellow Autumn and the hopes o'the year
Brings on to golden ripeneſs; nor diſpraiſe
The pure and ſpotleſs form of that ſharp time,
When January ſpreads a pall of ſnow
O'er the dead face of th'undiſtinguiſh'd earth.
Then ſtand I in the hollow comb beneath
And bleſs this friendly mount, that weather-fends
My reed-roof'd cottage, while the wintry blaſt
From the thick north comes howling: till the Spring
Return, who leads my devious ſteps abroad,
To climb, as now, to LEWESDON's airy top.

Above the noiſe and ſtir of yonder fields
Uplifted, on this height I feel the mind
Expand itſelf in wider liberty.
The diſtant ſounds break gently on my ſenſe,
Soothing to meditation: ſo methinks,
Even ſo, ſequeſter'd from the noiſy world,

Could

Could I wear out this tranſitory being
In peaceful contemplation and calm eaſe.
But conſcience, which ſtill cenſures on our acts,
That awful voice within us, and the ſenſe
Of an hereafter, wake and rouſe us up
From ſuch unſhaped retirement; which were elſe
A bleſt condition on this earthy ſtage.
For who would make his life a life of toil
For wealth, o'erbalanced with a thouſand cares;
Or power, which baſe compliance muſt uphold;
Or honour, laviſh'd moſt on courtly ſlaves;
Or fame, vain breath of a misjudging world;
Who for ſuch periſhable gaudes would put
A yoke upon his free unbroken ſpirit,
And gall himſelf with trammels and the rubs
Of this world's buſineſs; ſo he might ſtand clear
Of judgment and the tax of idleneſs
In that dread audit, when his mortal hours
(Which now with ſoft and ſilent ſtealth pace by)
Muſt all be counted for? But, for this fear,
And to remove, according to our power,
The wants and evils of our brother's ſtate,

'Tis

'Tis meet we juſtle with the world; content,
If by our ſovereign Maſter we be found
At laſt not profitleſs: for worldly meed,
Given or witheld, I deem of it alike.

From this proud eminence on all ſides round
Th' unbroken proſpect opens to my view;
On all ſides large; ſave only where the head
Of Pilleſdon riſes, Pilleſdon's lofty Pen:
So call (ſtill rendering to his ancient name
Obſervance due) that rival Height ſouth-weſt,
Which like a rampire bounds the vale beneath.
There woods, there blooming orchards, there are ſeen
Herds, ranging, or at reſt beneath the ſhade
Of ſome wide-branching oak; there goodly fields
Of corn, and verdant paſture, whence the kine
Returning with their milky treaſure home
Store the rich dairy: ſuch fair plenty fills
The pleaſant vale of Marſhwood; pleaſant now,
Since that the Spring has deck'd anew the meads
With flowery veſture, and the warmer ſun
Their foggy moiſtneſs drain'd; in wintry days

Cold,

Cold, vapouriſh, miry, wet, and to the flocks
Unfriendly, when autumnal rains begin
To drench the ſpungy turf: but ere that time
The careful ſhepherd moves to healthier ſoil,
Rechaſing, leſt his tender ewes ſhould coath*
In the dank paſturage. Yet not the fields
Of *Eveſham*, nor that ample valley named
Of the *White Horſe*, its antique monument
Carved in the chalky bourne, for beauty' and wealth
Might equal, though ſurpaſſing in extent,
This fertile vale; in length from LEWESDON's baſe
Extended to the ſea, and water'd well
By many a rill; but chief with thy clear ſtream,
Thou nameleſs Rivulet, who from the ſide
Of LEWESDON ſoftly welling forth, doſt trip

* To *coath*, Skinner ſays, is a word common in Lincolnſhire; and ſignifies, to *faint*. He derives it from the Anglo-Saxon, coðe, a *diſeaſe*. In Dorſetſhire it is in common uſe, but is uſed of ſheep only: a *coathed* ſheep is a *rotten* ſheep; to *coath* is to *take the rot*. *Rechaſing* is alſo a term in that country appropriated to flocks: *to chaſe and rechaſe* is to drive ſheep at certain times from one ſort of ground to another, or from one pariſh to another.

The Author having ventured to introduce ſome provincial and other terms, takes this occaſion to ſay, that it is a liberty in which he has not indulged himſelf, but when he conceived them to be allowable for the ſake of ornament or expreſſion.

Adown

Adown the valley, wandering ſportively.
Alas, how ſoon thy little courſe will end!
How ſoon thy infant ſtream ſhall loſe itſelf
In the ſalt maſs of waters, ere it grow
To name or greatneſs! Yet it flows along
Untainted with the commerce of the world,
Nor paſſing by the noiſy haunts of men;
But through ſequeſter'd meads, a little ſpace,
Winds ſecretly, and in its wanton path
May cheer ſome drooping flower, or miniſter
Of its cool water to the thirſty lamb:
Then falls into the ravenous ſea, as pure
As when it iſſued from its native hill.

So to thine early grave didſt thou run on,
Spotleſs Franceſca, ſo, after ſhort courſe,
Thine innocent and playful infancy
Was ſwallowed up in death, and thy pure ſpirit
In that illimitable gulph which bounds
Our mortal continent. But not there loſt,
Not there extinguiſh'd, as ſome falſely teach,
Who can talk much and learnedly of life,

Who

Who know our frame and faſhion, who can tell
The ſubſtance and the properties of man,
As they had ſeen him made; aye and ſtood by
Spies on Heaven's work. They alſo can diſcourſe
Wiſely, to prove that what muſt be muſt be,
And ſhew how thoughts are jogg'd out of the brain
By a mechanical impulſe; puſhing on
The minds of us, poor unaccountables,
To fatal reſolution. Know they not,
That in this mortal life, whate'er it be,
We take the path that leads to good or evil,
And therein find our bliſs or miſery?
And this includes all reaſonable ends
Of knowledge or of being; farther to go
Is toil unprofitable, and th' effect
Moſt perilous wandering. Yet of this be ſure;
Where Freedom is not, there no Virtue is:
If there be none, this world is all a cheat,
And the divine ſtability of Heaven
(That aſſured ſeat for good men after death)
Is but a tranſient cloud; diſplay'd ſo fair
To cheriſh virtuous hope, but at our need

Eludes the ſenſe, and fools our honeſt faith,
Vaniſhing in a lie. If this be ſo,
Were it not better to be born a beaſt,
Only to feel what is, and thus to ſcape
The aguiſh fear that ſhakes the afflicted breaſt
With ſore anxiety of what ſhall be;
And all for nought? Since our moſt wicked act
Is not our ſin, and our religious awe
Deluſion; if that ſtrong Neceſſity
Chains up our will. But that the mind is free,
The Mind herſelf, beſt judge of her own ſtate,
Is feelingly convinced; nor to be moved
By ſubtle words, that may perplex the head,
But ne'er perſuade the heart. Vain Argument,
That with falſe weapons of Philoſophy
Fights againſt Hope, and Senſe, and Nature's ſtrength!

See how the Sun, here clouded, afar off
Pours down the golden radiance of his light
Upon the enridged ſea; where the black ſhip
Sails on the phoſphor-ſeeming waves. So fair,
But falſely-flattering, was yon ſurface calm,

When

When forth for India ſail'd in evil time
That Veſſel, whoſe diſaſtrous fate, when told,
Fill'd every breaſt with horror, and each eye
With piteous tears; ſo cruel was the loſs. †
Methinks I ſee her, as, by the wintry ſtorm
Shatter'd and driven along paſt yonder Iſle,
She ſtrove, her lateſt hope, by ſtrength or art
To gain the Port within it, or at worſt
To ſhun that harbourleſs and hollow coaſt

† The diſtreſsful condition of the Halſwell here alluded to is thus circumſtantially deſcribed in the Narrative of her loſs, p. 13.

"Thurſday the 5th, at two in the morning the wind came to the ſouthward. blew freſh, and the weather was very thick: at noon Portland was ſeen, bearing N. by E. diſtance two or three leagues; at eight at night it blew a ſtrong gale at S. and at this time the Portland lights were ſeen, bearing N. W. diſtance four or five leagues, when they wore ſhip, and got her head to the weſtward; but finding they loſt ground upon that tack, they wore again, and kept ſtretching on eaſtward, in hopes to have weathered Peverel-point, in which caſe they intended to have anchored in Studland Bay: at 11 at night it cleared, and they ſaw St. Alban's-head a mile and a half to the leeward of them; upon which they took in ſail immediately, and let go the ſmall bower anchor, which brought up the ſhip at a whole cable, and ſhe rode for about an hour, but then drove; they now let go the ſheet anchor and wore away a whole cable, and the ſhip rode for about two hours longer, when ſhe drove again.—They were then driving very faſt on ſhore, and might expect every moment to ſtrike."

From Portland eaſtward to the *Promontory,
Where ſtill St. Alban's high-built chapel ſtands.
But art nor ſtrength avail her: on ſhe drives,
In ſtorm and darkneſs to the fatal coaſt;
And there 'mong rocks and high-o'erhanging cliffs
Daſh'd piteouſly, with all her precious freight
Was loſt; by Neptune's wild and foamy jaws
Swallow'd up quick! The richlieſt-laden ſhip
Of ſpicy Ternate, or that annual, ſent
To the Philippines o'er the Southern main
From Acapulco, carrying maſſy gold,
Were poor to this;—freighted with hopeful Youth,
And Beauty, and high Courage undiſmay'd
By mortal terrors, and paternal Love

* 'Not far from this (Encombe) ſtands St. *Aldene*'s Chapel: which took name from the dedication to St. Adeline, the firſt Biſhop of Sherbourne in this ſhire: but now it ſerves for a ſea-mark.' Coker's Survey of Dorſetſh. p. 47.

Near the ſea is the high land of *St. Aldhelm's*, commonly called *St. Alban's*, a noted ſea-mark. The cliff here is 147 yards perpendicular. On this promontory, about a mile S. of *Worth*, ſtands a chapel of the ſame name.' Hutchins's Dorſetſh. Vol. I. p. 228. But this headland is not marked by name in Hutchins's map. 'The very utter part of *St. Aldhelm's* point is five miles from *Sandwich (Swanwich)*. Lel. Itin. Vol. III. p. 53.

Strong

Strong, and unconquerable even in death—
Alas, they periſh'd all, all in one hour!

Now yonder high way view, wide-beaten, bare
With ceaſeleſs tread of men and beaſts, and track
Of many' indenting wheels, heavy and light,
That violently ruſh with unſafe ſpeed,
Or ſlowly turn, oft-reſting, up the ſteep.
Mark how that road, with mazes ſerpentine,
From * Shipton's bottom to the lofty down
Winds like a path of pleaſure, drawn by art
Through park or flowery garden for delight.
Nor leſs delightful this; if, while he mounts
Not wearied, the free Journeyer will pauſe
To view the proſpect oft, as oft to ſee
Beauty ſtill changing: yet not ſo contrived
By fancy' or choice, but of neceſſity,
By ſoft gradations of aſcent to lead

* Shipton is a hill, which, according to common report, is ſo called from its ſhape: the top of it being formed like a ſhip with the keel upwards. It ſtands three miles from Bridport on the road towards London; which road paſſes by the foot of it to the North.

The

The labouring and way-worn feet along,
And make their toil leſs toilſome. Half way up
Or nearer to the top, behold a cot,
O'er which the branchy trees, thoſe ſycamores,
Wave gently: at their roots a ruſtic bench
Invites to ſhort refreſhment, and to taſte
What grateful beverage the houſe may yield
After fatigue, or duſty heat; thence call'd
The *Traveller's Reſt.* Welcome, embower'd ſeat,
Friendly repoſe to the ſlow paſſenger
Aſcending, ere he takes his ſultry way
Along th' interminable road, ſtretch'd out
Over th' unſhelter'd down; or when at laſt
He has that hard and ſolitary path
Meaſured by painful ſteps. And bleſt are they,
Who in life's toilſome journey may make pauſe
After a march of glory: yet not ſuch
As riſe in cauſeleſs war, troubling the world
By their mad quarrel, and in fields of blood
Hail'd victors, thence renown'd, and call'd on earth
Kings, heroes, demi-gods, but in high Heaven
Theives, ruffians, murderers; theſe find no repoſe:

Thee

Thee rather, patriot Conqueror, to thee
Belongs ſuch reſt; who in the weſtern world,
Thine own deliver'd country, for thyſelf
Haſt planted an immortal grove, and there,
Upon the glorious mount of Liberty
Repoſing, ſit'ſt beneath the palmy ſhade.

And Thou, not leſs renown'd in like attempt
Of high atchievement, though thy virtue fail'd
To ſave thy little country, Patriot Prince,
Hero, Philoſopher (what more could they
Who wiſely choſe Thee, PAOLI, to bleſs
Thy native Iſle, long ſtruggling to be free?
But Heaven allow'd not) yet may'ſt thou repoſe
After thy glorious toil, ſecure of fame
Well-earn'd by virtue: while ambitious France,
Who ſtretch'd her lawleſs hand to ſeize thine iſle,
Enjoys not reſt or glory; with her prey
Gorged but not ſatisfied, and craving ſtill
Againſt th' intent of Nature. See Her now
Upon the adverſe ſhore, her Norman coaſt,

Plying

* Plying her monſtrous labour unreſtrain'd;
A rank of caſtles in the rough ſea ſunk,
With towery ſhape and height, and armed heads
Upriſing o'er the ſurge; and theſe between,
Unmeaſurable maſs of ponderous rock
Projected many a mile to rear her wall
Midſt the deep waters. She, the mighty work
Still urging, in her arrogant attempt,
As with a lordly voice to the Ocean cries,
'Hitherto come, no farther; here be ſtaid
'The raging of thy waves; within this bound
'Be all my haven:' and therewith takes in
A ſpace of ampleſt circuit, wide and deep,
Won from the ſtraiten'd main: nor leſs in ſtrength
Than in dimenſions; giant-like in both:
On each ſide flank'd with citadels and towers
And rocky walls, and arches maſſy proof
Againſt the ſtorm of war. Compared with this,
† Leſs, and leſs hazardous emprize atcheived

* A detail of this vaſt project is given at the concluſion of this Poem.

† Quint. Curt. lib. 4. cap. 2, 3.

Reſiſtleſs

Reſiſtleſs Alexander, when he caſt
The ſtrong foundations of that high-raiſed mound
Deep in the hoſtile waves, his martial way;
Built on before him up to ſea-girt Tyre.
* Nor aught ſo bold, ſo vaſt, ſo wonderful,
At Athos or the fetter'd Helleſpont,
Imagined in his pride that Aſian vain,
Xerxes,—but ere he turn'd from Salamis
Fly'ing through the blood-red waves in one poor bark,
Retarded by thick-weltering carcaſſes.
† Nor yet that elder work (if work it were,
Not fable) raiſed upon the Phrygian ſhore,
(Where lay the fleet confederate againſt Troy,
A thouſand ſhips behind the vaſty mole
All ſhelter'd) could with this compare, though built
It ſeem'd, of greatneſs worthy to create
Envy in the immortals; and at laſt
Not overthrown without th' embattled aid
Of angry Neptune. So may He once more
Riſe from his troubled bed, and ſend his waves,

* Juv. Sat. X. v. 173, 186.
† Hom. Il. VII. v. 433, 463. et Il. XII. v. 1, 33.

Urged on to fury by contending winds,
With horned violence to puſh and whelm
This pile, uſurping on his watry reign!

From hoſtile ſhores returning, glad I look
On native ſcenes again; and firſt ſalute
Thee, * Burton, and thy lofty cliff, where oft
The nightly blaze is kindled; further ſeen
Than erſt was that love-tended creſſet, hung
Beſide the Helleſpont: yet not like that
Inviting to the hoſpitable arms
Of Beauty' and Youth, but lighted up, the ſign
Of danger, and of ambuſh'd foes to warn
The ſtealth-approaching Veſſel, homeward bound
From Havre or the Norman iſles, with freight
Of wines and hotter drinks, the traſh of France,
Forbidden merchandize. Such fraud to quell
Many a light ſkiff and well-appointed ſloop

* Burton is a village near the ſea, lying S. E. from Leweſdon, and about two miles S. of Shipton-hill beforementioned. The Cliff is among the loftieſt of all upon that coaſt; and Smugglers often take advantage of its height for the purpoſe related in the poem.

Lies

Lies hovering near the coaſt, or hid behind
Some curved promontory, in hope to ſeize
Theſe contraband: vain hope! on that high ſhore
Station'd, th' aſſociates of their lawleſs trade
Keep watch, and to their fellows off at ſea
Give the known ſignal; they with fearful haſte
Obſervant, put about the ſhip, and plunge
Into concealing darkneſs. As a fox,
That from the cry of hounds and hunters' din
Runs crafty down the wind, and ſteals away
Forth from his cover, hopeful ſo t'elude
The not yet following pack,—if chance the ſhout
Of eager or unpractiſed boy betray
His meditated flight, back he retires
To ſhelter him in the thick wood: ſo theſe
Retiring, ply to ſouth, and ſhun the land
Too perilous to approach: and oft at ſea
Secure (or ever nigh the guarded coaſt
They venture) to the trackleſs deep they truſt
Their forfeitable cargo, rundlets ſmall,
Together link'd upon their cable's length,
And to the ſhelving bottom ſunk and fixt

By ſtony weights; till happier hour arrive
To land it on the vacant beach unriſk'd.

But what is yonder † Hill, whoſe duſky brow
Wears, like a regal diadem, the round
Of antient battlements and ramparts high;
And frowns upon the vales? I know thee not.
Thou haſt no name, no honourable note,
No chronicle of all thy warlike pride,
To teſtify what once thou wert, how great,
How glorious, and how fear'd. So periſh all,

† 'Eggardon Hill is a very high hill, and gives name to the Hundred. Mr. Coker ſays it is uncertain whether it takes its name from Edgar, King of the Weſt Saxons, or from Orgarus, Earl of Cornwall: and indeed this laſt derivation is the trueſt; there being little reaſon to doubt that it is the old *Orgareſtone*. The camp on the brow of this hill is a large and ſtrong fortification, and ſeems to be Roman.' Hutchins's Dorſet. Vol. I. p. 289; where there is an engraving of this camp. But Hutchins has miſrepreſented Mr. Coker, who indeed prefers the derivation from Orgar. His words are theſe: 'That it takes name from Edgar, the Weſt Saxon King, I dare not affirm, having nothing to prove it but the nearneſſe of the name. It better likes me to think this the place, which in Doomſday-book is called Orgareſton, but whether it take name from Orgareus, Earl of Cornwall, I know not; though I think I ſhould run into no great error to believe it. Coker's Survey of Dorſetſhire, p. 26.

Who

Who ſeek their greatneſs in dominion held
Over their fellows, or the pomp of war;
And be as thou forgotten, and their fame
Cancell'd like thine! But thee in after times
Reclaim'd to culture, Shepherds viſited,
And call'd thee Orgarſton; ſo thee they call'd
Of Orgar, Saxon earl, the wealthy ſire
Of fair Elfrida; She, whoſe happy Bard
Has with his gentle witchery ſo wrought
Upon our ſenſe, that we can ſee no more
Her mad ambition, treacherous cruelty,
And purple robes of ſtate with royal blood
Inhoſpitably ſtain'd; but in their place
Pure faith, ſoft manners, filial duty meek,
Connubial love, and ſtoles of ſaintly white.

Fain would I view thee, Corſcombe, fain would hail
The ground where * Hollis lies; his choice retreat,

* 'Mr. Hollis, in order to preſerve the memory of thoſe heroes and patriots for whom he had a veneration, as the aſſertors and defenders of his country, called many of the farms and fields in his eſtate at Corſcombe by their names; and by theſe names they are ſtill diſtinguiſhed. In the middle of one of thoſe fields, not far from his houſe, he ordered his corps to be depoſited in a grave

Where, from the buſy world withdrawn, he lived
To generous Virtue and the holy love
Of Liberty, a dedicated ſpirit:
And left his aſhes there; ſtill honouring
Thy fields, with title given of patriot names,
But more with his untitled ſepulchre.
That envious ridge conceals thee from my ſight;
Which, paſſing o'er thy place north-eaſt, looks on
To Sherburne's ancient towers and rich domains,
The noble Digby's manſion; where he dwells
Inviolate, and fearleſs of thy curſe,
War-glutted * Oſmund, ſuperſtitious Lord!

grave ten feet deep; and that the field ſhould be immediately plowed over, that no trace of his burial place might remain.' Memoirs of Thomas Hollis, Eſq. Vol. I. p. 481.

* Of the ſtrange Curſe belonging to Shireburne-Caſtle. From a MS. of the late Biſhop of Ely (Bp John More) now in the Royal Library at Cambridge.

'Oſmund a Norman Knight (who had ſerved *William* Duke of *Normandy* from his youth, in all his wars againſt the French King, and the Duke's (*William*'s) ſubjects, with much valour and diſcretion) for all his faithful ſervice (when his Maſter had by conqueſt obteyned the crown of England) was rewarded with many great gifts; among the which was the Earldome of *Dorſett*, and the gift of many other Poſſeſſions, whereof the Caſtle and Baronie of *Sherburne* were parcell. But Oſmund, in the declyninge of his age, calling to mynde the great effuſion of blood, which, from his

Who with Heaven's juſtice for a bloody life
Madeſt thy preſumptuous bargain; giving more

his infancie, he had ſhedd; he reſolved to leave all worldly delights, and betake himſelf to a religious life, the better to contemplate on his former ſinnes and to obteyn Pardon for them. And, with much importunitie, having gotten leave of the Kinge (who was unwilling to want the aſſiſtance of ſo grave and worthy a Counſeller) to reſign his temporall honors; and having obteyned the Biſhoprick of *Sarum*, he gave *Sherburne* with other lands to the Biſhoprick. To which gift he annexed this Curſe,

That whoſoever ſhould take thoſe Lands from the Biſhoprick, or diminiſh them in great or in ſmall, ſhould be accurſed, not only in this world, but alſo in the world to come; unleſs in his life-time he made reſtitution thereof. And ſo he died Biſhop of Sarum.

Thoſe lands continued in the poſſeſſion of his ſucceſſors till the reign of King Stephen, who took them away; 'whereupon (ſays this Account) his proſperity forſook him.' King Stephen being dead, 'theſe lands came into the hands of ſome of the *Mountagues* (after Erles of *Sarum*) who whileſt they held the ſame, underwent many diſaſters. For one or other of them fell by misfortune. And finally, all the males of them became extinct, and the Earldome received an end in their name. So ill was their ſucceſs.

After this the lands were reſtored to the Biſhoprick; but were taken away a ſecond time by the Duke of Somerſet, in the reign of Edward VI; 'when the Duke, being hunting in the Parke of *Sherburne*, he was ſent for preſently unto the Kinge (to whome he was Protector) and at his coming up to *London*, was forthwith committed unto the *Tower*, and, ſhortly after, loſt his head.' The lands then, in a ſuit at law, were adjudged to the Biſhop of Sarum; and ſo remained, 'till Sir Walter Raleigh procured a grant of them; he afterwards unfortunately loſt them, and at laſt his head alſo. Upon his attainder they came, by the King's gift, to Prince *Henry*;

Than thy juſt having to redeem thy guilt,
And daredſt bid th' Almighty to become
The miniſter of thy curſe. But ſure it fell,
So bigots fondly judged, full ſure it fell
With ſacred vengeance pointed on the head
Of many a bold uſurper: chief on thine
(Favourite of Fortune once but laſt her thrall)
Accompliſh'd * Raleigh! in that lawleſs day

Henry; who died not long after the poſſeſſion thereof. After Prince *Henry*'s death, the Erle of *Somerſett (Carr)* did poſſeſſe them. Finally, he loſt them, and many other greater fortunes.' Peck's Deſid. Cur. Lib. 14. No. 6.

* 'How Dr. *John Coldwell*, of a Phyſitian became a Biſhop I have heard by more than a good many; and I will briefly handle it, and as tenderly as I can; bearing myſelf equal between the living (Sir *Walter Raleigh*) and the dead (Biſhop *Coldwell)*. Yet the manifeſt judgments of God on both of them I may not paſs over with ſilence. And to ſpeak firſt of the Knight, who carried off the *Spolia opima* of the Biſhoprick. He, having gotten *Sherborne* Caſtle, Park, and Parſonage, was in thoſe days in ſo great favour with the Queen, as I may boldly ſay, that with leſs ſuit than he was fain to make to her e'er he could perfect this his purchaſe, and with leſs money than he beſtowed ſince in *Sherborne* (in building, and buying out leaſes, and in drawing the river through rocks into his garden) he might, very juſtly, and without offence of either Church or State, have compaſſed a much better purchaſe. Alſo, as I have been truly informed, he had a preſage before he firſt attempted it, which did foreſhew it would turn to his ruin, and might have kept him from meddling with it,—*Si mens non læva fuiſſet:* For, as he was riding poſt between *Plymouth*

When, like a goodly hart, thou wert beſet
With crafty blood-hounds lurching for thy life
Whileas they feign'd to chace thee fairly down:
And that foul Scot, the minion-kiſſing king,
Purſued with havoc in the tyrannous hunt.

How is it vaniſh'd in a haſty ſpleen,
The Tor of Glaſtonbury! Even but now

Plymouth and the Court [as many times he did upon no ſmall employments) this Caſtle being right in the way, he caſt ſuch an eye upon it as *Ahab* did upon *Naboth*'s Vineyard. And, once above the reſt, being talking of it (of the commodiouſneſs of the place, of the ſtrength of the ſeat, and how eaſily it might be got from the Biſhopric) ſuddenly over and over came his horſe, that his very face (which was then thought a very good face) plowed up the earth where he fell. This fall was ominous I make no queſtion; and himſelf was apt to conſtrue it ſo. But his brother *Adrian* would needs have him interpret it as a conqueror, that his fall preſaged the quiet poſſeſſion of it. And accordingly for the preſent it ſo fell out. So that with much labor, travel, coſt, envy, and obloquy he got it *habendum et tenendum* to him and his heirs. But ſee what became of him. In the public joy and jubile of the whole realm (when favor, peace, and pardon, were offered even to offenders) he who in wit, in wealth, in courage was inferior to few, fell ſuddenly (I cannot tell how) into ſuch a downfall of deſpair; as his greateſt enemy would not have wiſhed him ſo much harm, as he would have done himſelf. Can any man be ſo wilfully blind, as not to ſee and ſay, *Digitus Dei hic eſt!*" Harrington's Breif View, p. 88.

I ſaw the hoary pile creſting the top
Of that north-weſtern hill; and in this Now
A cloud hath paſt on it, and its dim bulk
Becomes annihilate, or if not, a ſpot
Which the ſtrain'd viſion tires itſelf to find.

And even ſo fares it with the things of earth
Which ſeem moſt conſtant: there will come the cloud
That ſhall infold them up, and leave their place
A ſeat for Emptineſs. Our narrow ken
Reaches too far, when all that we behold
Is but the havoc of wide-waſting Time,
Or what he ſoon ſhall ſpoil. His out-ſpread wings
(Which bear him like an eagle o'er the earth)
Are plumed in front ſo downy ſoft they ſeem
To foſter what they touch, and mortal fools
Rejoice beneath their hovering: woe the while!
For in that indefatigable flight
The multitudinous ſtrokes inceſſantly
Bruiſe all beneath their cope, and mark on all
His ſecret injury; on the front of man
Gray hairs and wrinkles; ſtill as Time ſpeeds on
Hard and more hard his iron pennons beat

With

With ceaſeleſs violence; nor overpaſs,
Till all the creatures of this nether world
Are one wide quarry: following dark behind,
The cormorant Oblivion ſwallows up
The carcaſſes that Time has made his prey.

But hark! the village clock ſtrikes nine; the chimes
Merrily follow, tuneful to the ſenſe
Of the pleaſed clown attentive, while they make
Falſe-meaſured melody on crazy bells.
O wondrous Power of modulated ſound!
Which like the air (whoſe all-obedient ſhape
Thou makeſt thy ſlave) canſt ſubtilly pervade
The yielded avenues of ſenſe, unlock
The cloſe affections, by ſome fairy path
Winning an eaſy way through every ear,
And with thine unſubſtantial quality
Holding in mighty chains the hearts of all;
All, but ſome cold and ſullen-temper'd ſpirits,
Who feel no touch of ſympathy or love.

Yet what is muſic, and the blended power
Of voice with inſtruments of wind and ſtring?

What

What but an empty pageant of ſweet noiſe?
Tis paſt: and all that it has left behind
Is but an echo dwelling in the ear
Of the toy-taken fancy, and beſide
A void and countleſs hour in life's brief day.

But ill accords my verſe with the delights
Of this gay month: and ſee the Villagers
Aſſembling jocund in their beſt attire
To grace this genial morn. Now I deſcend
To join the worldly croud; perchance to talk,
To think, to act as they: then all theſe thoughts,
That lift th' expanded heart above this ſpot
To heavenly muſing, theſe ſhall paſs away
(Even as this goodly proſpect from my view)
Hidden by near and earthy-rooted cares.
So paſſeth human life; our better mind
Is as a ſunday's garment, then put on
When we have nought to do; but at our work
We wear a worſe for thrift. Of this enough:
To-morrow for ſeverer thought; but now
To breakfaſt, and keep feſtival to-day.

THE END.

[See page 16.—The works now carrying on at Cherburgh to make a haven for ſhips of war, are principally the following. Of theſe however it is not intended to give a full deſcription; but only to mention ſome particulars, from which an idea may be formed of the greatneſs of the ſcheme.

In the open ſea, above a league from the town and within half a mile weſt of a rock called *L'iſle Pelée*, a pier is begun, with deſign of conducting it on to the ſhore ſomewhat beyond *Point Hommet*, about two miles weſtward of Cherburgh. In order to this, a ſtrong frame of timber-work, of the ſhape of a truncated cone, having been conſtructed on the beach, was buoyed out, and ſunk in a depth of water; which at loweſt ebb is 35 feet, and where the tide riſes near 20 feet. The diameter of this cone at bottom is about 60 yards, its height 70 feet; and the area on its top large enough to receive a battery of cannon, with which it is hereafter to be fortified. Its ſolid contents are 2500 French toiſes; which in our meaſure (allowing the French foot to be to the Engliſh as 144 to 135) will amount to 24,250 cubic yards nearly. Several other cones, of equal dimenſions, are ſunk at convenient diſtances from each other; forming the line of the pier: their number, when complete, it is ſaid, will be forty. As ſoon as any one of theſe is carried to its place, it is filled with ſtones, which are dug from mount *Rouille* and other rocks near the coaſt, and brought on horſes to the ſhore; whence they are conveyed to the cones in veſſels of forty, ſixty, or eighty tons burden. In like manner, but with much greater labour and expence, the ſpaces between the cones are filled up with ſtones thrown looſely into the ſea, till the heap is raiſed above the water. On this maſs, as on a foundation, a wall of maſonry-work is to be erected. The length of the whole is near five miles. On *L'iſle Pelée* and *Point Hommet*, before-mentioned, large fortifications are conſtructed bomb-proof to defend the Haven and Pier. It is the opinion of ſome perſons that this ſtupendous mole may be injured or deſtroyed by what is called a ground-ſea: *i. e.* a ſea when the waters are agitated to the bottom: and this happens, when a ſtrong wind, after having put the waves in motion, ſuddenly ſhifts to the oppoſite quarter. The deſcription given in the Poem of this vaſt undertaking cloſes with an alluſion to this opinion.]

1791.

THE

ABORIGINAL BRITONS,

A POEM.

BY GEORGE RICHARDS, B. A.

FELLOW OF ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

——Genus humanum multò fuit illud in arvis
Durius. LUCRETIUS.

——Quæ
Deſperat tractata niteſcere poſſe, relinquit.
HORACE.

OXFORD:

SOLD BY D. PRINCE AND J. COOKE.

M,DCC,XCI.

TO THE HONOURABLE

LEWIS THOMAS WATSON,

OF

LEES COURT, IN THE COUNTY OF KEN'

SIR,

ACCEPT this ſmall teſtimony of reſpect and eſte To every individual of our iſland the ſtate of its i inhabitants forms a ſubject of curious and uſeful enqu Such an inveſtigation muſt be more particularly intereſting you, Sir, from your intimate connection with a County, wh through its unſubmitting ſpirit of patriotiſm ennobled early annals of Britain by enforcing conditions of peace o victorious Invader; and in a remoter period, among our A original Forefathers, commenced the illuſtrious career of natio intrepidity and proweſs by repelling Julius from our ſhores

I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your faithful and moſt obedient Servant,

GEORGE RICHARD

SUBJECT.

n the State of the Aboriginal Britons previous to the Refinements introduced by the Romans.

THE ARGUMENT.

ADDRESS to the firſt Navigators of the South-Seas—Wild ſtate of the country—contraſted with Italy as improved by culture—boriginal Britons conſidered as individuals—the Man—the Woman—onſidered as to their national character—Their domeſtic ſtate—promiſ-ous concubinage—ignorance of other countries—deſcription of a day in ne of peace, including the moſt ſtriking circumſtances of their domeſtic conomy—Their wars—fondneſs for war—internal diſſentions and their nſequences—manner of fighting—behaviour after a defeat—treatment captives after a victory—Religion—the objects, which give riſe to ıtural religion—Druid Grove—Magic rites, and human ſacrifices—ards—Doctrines—Tranſmigration and immortality of the ſoul and its fects—Characteriſtics of Liberty in the ſavage ſtate of this iſland—its xtinction in the early ſtages of our Monarchy—its revival and influence in he preſent civilized ſtate of manners, as producing public ſecurity, giving iſe to public works, and calling forth the powers of the mind.

THE

THE

ABORIGINAL BRITONS

YE ſons of Albion, who with venturous ſails
In unknown oceans caught Antarctic gales;
Dar'd with bold prow the boiſterous main explore,
Where never keel had plow'd the wave before;
Saw ſtars unnam'd illumine other ſkies,
Which ne'er had ſhone on European eyes;
View'd on the coaſt the wondering Savage ſtand,
Uncouth, and freſh from his Creator's hand;
While woods and tangling brakes, where wild he ran,
Bore a rough ſemblance of primeval man—

A form like this, illuſtrious ſouls, of yore
Your own Britannia's ſea-girt iſland wore:
Ere Daniſh lances bluſh'd with Ælla's blood;
Or blue-ey'd Saxons ſail'd on Medway's flood;
Or Dover's towering cliff from high deſcried
Cæſar's bold barks, which ſtemm'd a deep untried.

Through fleecy clouds the balmy ſpring-tide ſmil'd;
But all it's ſweets were waſted on a wild:
In vain mild autumn ſhone with mellowing gleam;
No bending fruitage bluſh'd beneath its beam.
Rudely o'erſpread with ſhadowy foreſts lay
Wide trackleſs waſtes, that never ſaw the day:
Rich fruitful plains, now waving deep with corn,
Frown'd rough and ſhaggy with the tangled thorn:
Through joyleſs heaths, and valleys dark with woods,
Majeſtic rivers roll'd their uſeleſs floods:
Full oft the hunter check'd his ardent chace,
Dreading the latent bog and green moraſs:
While, like a blaſting mildew, wide were ſpread
Blue thickening miſts in ſtagnant marſhes bred.

O'er

O'er ſcenes thus wild adventurous Cæſar ſtray'd,
And joyleſs view'd the conqueſts he had made;
And bleſs'd Italia's happier plains and ſkies,
Through pureſt air where yellow olives riſe;
From elm to elm where ſtretching tendrils twine,
Bending with cluſters of the purple vine:
While, ſpread o'er ſunny hill and verdant wood,
Stray the white flocks, which drink Clitumnus' flood.

Rude as the wilds around his ſylvan home
In ſavage grandeur ſee the Briton roam.
Bare were his limbs, and ſtrung with toil and cold,
By untam'd nature caſt in giant-mould.
O'er his broad brawny ſhoulders looſely flung
Shaggy and long his yellow ringlets hung.
His waiſt an iron-belted falchion bore,
Maſſy, and purpled deep with human gore:
His ſcarr'd and rudely-painted limbs around
Fantaſtic horror-ſtriking figures frown'd,
Which, monſter-like, ev'n to the confines ran
Of nature's work, and left him hardly man.

His knitted brows and rolling eyes impart
A direful image of his ruthleſs heart;
Where war and human blood-ſhed brooding lie,
Like thunders lowering in a gloomy ſky.

But you, illuſtrious Fair Ones, wont to brave
Helvellin's ſtorms, and ſport in Darwent's wave,
To your high worth ſubmiſs the ſavage ſtood,
As Gambia's lions reverence princely blood.
He made no rubied lip nor ſparkling eye
The ſhrine and god of his idolatry;
But, proudly bending to a juſt controul,
Bow'd in obeiſance to the female ſoul;
And deem'd, ſome effluence of the Omniſcient mind
In woman's beauteous image lay enſhrin'd;
With inſpiration on her boſom hung,
And flow'd in heavenly wiſdom from her tongue.
Fam'd among warrior-chiefs the crown ſhe wore;
At freedom's call the gory falchion bore;
Rul'd the triumphant car; and rank'd in fame
Bonduca's with Caractacus's name.

No tender virgin heard the impaſſion'd youth
Breathe his warm vows, and ſwear eternal truth:
No ſire, encircled by a blooming race,
View'd his own features in his infant's face:
The ſavage knew not wedlock's chaſter rite;
The torch of Hymen pour'd a common light;
As paſſion fir'd, the lawleſs pair were bleſs'd;
And babes unfather'd hung upon the breaſt.

Such was the race, who drank the light of day,
When loſt in weſtern waves Britannia lay.
Content they wander'd o'er their heaths and moors,
Nor thought, that ocean roll'd round other ſhores.
Viewing the fires, that blaz'd around their ſkies,
Mid the wide world of waters ſet and riſe:
They vainly deem'd, the twinkling orbs of light
For them alone illum'd the vault of night;
For them alone the golden lamp of day
Held its bright progreſs through the heav'n's high way.

When the chill breeze of morning overhead
Wav'd the dark boughs, that roof'd his ſylvan bed,

Up the light Briton ſprung—to chace the deer
Through Humber's vales, or heathy Cheviot drear.
Languid at noon his fainting limbs he caſt
On the warm bank, and ſought his coarſe repaſt.
With acorns, ſhaken from the neighbouring oak,
Or ſapleſs bark, that from the trunk he broke,
His meal he made; and in the cavern'd dell
Drank the hoarſe wave, that down the rough rocks fell.
At eve retracing ſlow his morning road
With wearied feet he gain'd his wild abode.
No city roſe with ſpires and turrets crown'd;
No iron war from rocky ramparts frown'd:
But plain and ſimple, in the ſhadowy wood,
The ſhapeleſs rude-conſtructed hamlets ſtood:
O'er the deep trench an earthy mound aroſe,
To guard the ſylvan town from beaſts and foes.
The crackling fire, beneath the hawthorn ſhade,
With chearful blaze illum'd the darkſome glade.
Oftimes beneath the ſheltering oak was ſpread
With leaves and ſpoils of beaſts the ruſtic bed:
In open ſky he reſts his head, and ſees
The ſtars, that twinkle through the waving trees.

On his bare breaſt the chilling dews deſcend;
His yellow locks the midnight tempeſts rend;
Around—the empty wolf in hunger prowls,
And ſhakes the lonely foreſt with his howls:
Yet health and toil weigh down the ſenſe, and ſteep
His wearied aching limbs in balmy ſleep;
Till the pale twilight opes the glimmering glades,
And ſlowly gains upon the mid-wood ſhades.

But ah! unwelcome roſe the peaceful morn
On Albion's ſons, for war and glory born.

Lo! how Britannia's woods and hills reſound
With martial yells, and blaze with arms around!
War is their ſport: at day-ſpring forth they go
With ſpear and ſhield, and find or make a foe:
Join the wild fight; and with the ſetting ſun
Bear home their plunder, and the war is done.
Twixt bordering tribes eternal diſcords reign'd;
Not foreign foes theſe native feuds reſtrain'd:
Elſe nurs'd in arms, and prodigal of breath,
And, reft of freedom, nobly wooing death,

Had Albion's warlike ſtates united pour'd
The god-like vengeance of the patriot ſword ;
Julius had ſteer'd with daring helm in vain
To iſles emboſom'd in the Atlantic main ;
Nor Rome's imperial eagle, borne on high,
Had ſpread her pinions in our Northern ſky.

Furious, as mountain beaſts, the tribes engage,
With yells, and clanging arms, and frantic rage.
Rapid the Briton hurls the bolts of war,
Mounted, like Fate, upon his ſcythed car!
Reſiſtleſs ſcours the plain, and burſts the files,
As mad Tornadoes ſweep the Indian iſles ;
The ſcythes and hooks with mangled limbs hung round,
Yet quick, and writhing ghaſtly with the wound :
Adown the madding wheels in torrents pour
The empurpled ſmoaking ſtreams of human gore :
While high in air the ſighs and ſhrieks and groans
Aſcend, one direful peal of mortal moans.
Pale, panic-ſtruck, and fix'd as in a trance,
The Romans ſtood, and drop'd the uſeleſs lance :

And fear'd, their venturous banners were unfurl'd
Beyond the confines of the mortal world;
And more than men, horrific in their might,
Dar'd them from Albion's cliffs to fatal fight.

Thus fought Britannia's ſons:—but when o'erthrown,
More keen and fierce the flame of freedom ſhone.
Ye woods, whoſe cold and lengthen'd tracts of ſhade
Roſe on the day, when ſun and ſtars were made;
Waves of Lodore, that from the mountain's brow
Tumble your flood, and ſhake the vale below;
Majeſtic Skiddaw, round whoſe trackleſs ſteep
Mid the bright ſun-ſhine darkſome tempeſts ſweep:
To you the patriot fled: his native land
He ſpurn'd, when proffer'd by a conqueror's hand:
In you to roam at large: to lay his head
On the bleak rock, unclad, unhous'd, unfed:
Hid in the aguiſh fen whole days to reſt,
The numbing waters gather'd round his breaſt:
To ſee Deſpondence cloud each riſing morn,
And dark Deſpair hang o'er the years unborn:

Yet here, ev'n here, he greatly dar'd to lie,
And drain the luſcious dregs of liberty;
Outcaſt of nature, fainting, waſted, wan,
To breathe an air his own, and live a Man.

But when with conqueſt crown'd, he taught his foes,
What free-born man on free-born man beſtows.
He, in the pride and inſolence of war,
Ne'er bound the indignant captive to his car;
Nor with ignoble toils or ſervile chains
Debas'd the blood, that ſwells the hero's veins;
Nor meanly barter'd for unworthy gold
The ſoul, that animates the human mould:
But reverenc'd kindred valour, though o'erthrown;
Diſdain'd to hear a warrior meanly moan;
Gave him to die; and by the generous blow
Reſtor'd that freedom he had loſt below.

For ſimple nature taught his ſoul to riſe
To nobler powers, and realms beyond the ſkies.

Though to his view the Almighty Voice had ne'er
Stay'd the proud ſun amid his bright career;

Pour'd

Pour'd from the flinty rock the cryſtal ſtream;
Or ſhed on ſightleſs eyes the gladſome beam;
Bad the deep waters of the main divide,
And ope an highway through the pathleſs tide;
Or ſtiffen'd corſes, cold and pale in death,
Bluſh with new life, and heave again with breath!
Yet gazing round him he beheld the God
Hold in all nature's works his dread abode:
He ſaw him beaming in the ſilver moon,
Effulgent burning in the blaze of noon,
On the dark boſom of the ſtorm reclin'd,
Speaking in thunder, riding on the wind,
And, 'mid the earthquake's awful riot hurl'd,
Shaking the deep foundations of the world.

Hence Superſtition ſprung in elder time,
Wild as the ſoil, and gloomy as the clime.

Midſt rocks and waſtes the Grove tremendous roſe:
O'er the rude altars hung in dread repoſe
A twilight pale; like the dim ſickly noon,
When the mid-ſun retires behind the moon.

From ſounding caverns ruſh'd the darkſome flood;
Each antique trunk was ſtain'd with human blood.
'Twas ſung, that birds in terror fled the ſhade;
That lightnings harmleſs round the branches play'd;
And, in the hour of fate, the Central Oak
Shook with the ſpirit of the god, and ſpoke.
The Roman check'd awhile his conquering band,
And dropt the imperial Eagle from his hand;
And ſeem'd, while ſhuddering borne through Mona's wood,
To tread the confines of the Stygian flood.

What direful rites theſe gloomy haunts diſgrace,
Bane of the mind, and ſhame of man's high race!
'Twas deem'd, the circles of the waving wand,
The myſtic figures, and the muttering band,
Held o'er all nature's works as powerful ſway,
As the great Lord and Maker of the day.
Rocks, by infernal ſpells and magic prayer,
Shook from their baſe, and trembled high in air.
The blaſted ſtars their fading light withdrew;
The labouring moon ſhed down a baleful dew;

Spirits

Spirits of hell aerial dances led;
And rifted graves gave up the pale cold dead.
Imperial Man, creation's Lord and Pride,
To crown the ſacrificial horrors, died:
That Heſus, direly pleas'd, in joyous mood,
Might fleſh their ſwords, and glut their ſcythes with blood
And Taranis, amidſt his tempeſts, ſmile,
And roll innocuous thunders o'er their iſle.

By rites thus dread the Druid Prieſts impreſs'd
A ſacred horror on the ſavage breaſt.

Hail heav'n-born Seers, whoſe magic fingers ſtrung
The Cambrian lyre; who Locrine's triumphs ſung
To the dark haunts of Snowdon's icy caves,
Plinlimmon's cliffs, and Deva's haunted waves;
Or where, as Vaga roll'd her winding flood,
High on the grey rocks wav'd the hanging wood.
Ye, wandering frequent by romantic ſtreams,
With harps, that glitter'd to the moon's pale beams,
Sooth'd by your midnight hymns the warrior's ghoſt,
Whoſe cold bones whiten'd Arvon's dreary coaſt.

Ye ſung the courſes of the wandering moon;
The ſun-beam darken'd in the blaze of noon;
The ſtars unerring in their glittering ſpheres;
The ſure proceſſion of the circling years;
And the dread Powers, that rule the world on high,
And hold celeſtial ſynods in the ſky.
When hoſtile nations met with barbarous clang,
And the wild heath with yelling ſquadrons rang;
When beams of light from ſerried lances ſtream'd,
And vivid flaſhes o'er the high heavens gleam'd:
Fir'd by your magic ſongs, the Briton pour'd
A tenfold fury; dar'd the uplifted ſword;
Envy'd the ſhades of chiefs in battle ſlain;
And burn'd to join them on the etherial plain.
For warrior Souls, ye ſung, would deathleſs bloom,
When the cold limbs lay mouldering in the tomb:
From the pale ſtiffning corſes wing their flight,
And riſe in kindred mould to life and light;
Again in arms fill the dire yell of war;
Again to havoc drive the ſcythed car,
Till earth and air and ſeas ſhould ſink in flame,
The fiery deluge melting nature's frame:

When,

When, amidſt blazing orbs, the warrior-ſoul,
Borne through the milky way and ſtarry pole,
Would painleſs tenant through eternal years
Manſions of pureſt bliſs in brighter ſpheres:
In martial ſports engage its kindred ſhades,
Tame the wild ſteeds, and brandiſh gleaming blades:
Or on the clouds reclin'd, with breaſt on fire,
Liſt the heroic ſtrains of Cadwall's lyre;
In Mador's verſe renew its mortal toils;
And ſhine through Hoel's ſongs in hoſtile ſpoils.

In Albion's ancient days, midſt northern ſnows,
Hardy and bold, immortal FREEDOM roſe.
She roam'd the ſounding margin of the deep,
Conway's wild bank, and Cader's craggy ſteep:
A bloody wolf-ſkin o'er her back was ſpread;
An axe ſhe bore; and wild weeds grac'd her head.
On Snowdon's cliffs reclin'd ſhe watch'd on high
The tempeſt-driven clouds, that croſs'd the ſky;
Or caught with liſtening ear the ſounding gale,
When the dread war-ſong ſhook the diſtant dale.

At battle's cloſe ſhe roam'd the enſanguin'd plain,
And gaz'd the threatening aſpects of the ſlain.
Now from ignoble ſloth ſhe rarely roſe,
For ſavage freedom ſinks to mute repoſe;
Now to wild joys, and the bowl's maddening powers
Gave up the torpid ſenſe and liſtleſs hours;
Now joyful ſaw the naked ſword diſplay'd,
Though brother's blood flow'd reeking from the blade.
By tyrants ſunk ſhe roſe more proudly great,
As ocean ſwells indignant in the ſtrait;
And, borne in chains from Cambria's mountains bleak,
Rais'd virtue's generous bluſh on Cæſar's cheek.

But ah! full many a dark and ſtormy year
She dropt o'er Albion's iſle the patriot tear.
Retir'd to mountains from the craggy dell
She caught the Norman curfeu's tyrant knell:
Sad to her view the baron's caſtle frown'd
Bold from the ſteep, and aw'd the plains around:
She ſorrowing heard the papal thunders roll,
And mourn'd the ignoble bondage of the ſoul:

She

She bluſh'd, O Cromwell, bluſh'd at Charles's doom;
And wept, miſguided Sidney, o'er thy tomb.

But now reviv'd ſhe boaſts a purer cauſe,
Refin'd by ſcience, form'd by generous laws:
High hangs her helmet in the banner'd hall,
Nor ſounds her clarion but at honor's call.
Now walks the land with olive chaplets crown'd,
Exalting worth, and beaming ſafety round:
With ſecret joy and conſcious pride admires
The patriot ſpirit, which herſelf inſpires:
Sees barren waſtes with unknown fruitage bloom;
Sees Labour bending patient o'er the loom;
Sees Science rove through academic bowers;
And peopled Cities lift their ſpiry towers:
Trade ſwells her ſails, wherever ocean rolls,
Glows at the line, and freezes at the poles:
While through unwater'd plains and wondering meads
Waves not its own the obedient River leads.

But chief the god-like Mind, which bears impreſs'd
Its Maker's glorious image full confeſt;

Nobleſt of works created; more divine,
Than all the ſtarry worlds, that nightly ſhine;
Form'd to live on, unconſcious of decay,
When the wide univerſe ſhall melt away:
The Mind, which, hid in ſavage breaſts of yore,
Lay, like Golconda's gems, an uſeleſs ore;
Now greatly dares ſublimeſt aims to ſcan;
Enriches ſcience, and ennobles man;
Unveils the ſemblance, which it's God beſtow'd;
And draws more near the fount, from whence it flow'd.

NOTES.

But you, illuſtrious Fair Ones, p. 12. l. 5.] Ineſſe enim ſanctum q et providum fœminis putant. Tac. de moribus Germ. Απαντες γαρ της σίδαιμονιας αρχηγας οιονται τας γυναικας. Strabo, l. 7.—What is ſaid of t ancient German women is applied by Mr. Maſon, and our early hiſtoria to our countrywomen of earlier ages. The important offices, which tl filled in the Government, ſo unuſual in the Savage State, fully juſtify t application.

Wedlock's chaſter rite, p. 13. l. 5.] Uxores habent deni duodenic inter ſe communes.

Si qui ſunt ex his nati, eorum *habentur* liberi, a quibus primum virgi quæque ductæ ſunt. Cæſar de bello Gallico.

Or ſapleſs bark, p. 14. l. 6.] Dio Nicæus ſays, that the Britons in woods would live upon roots or bark of trees.

Julius had ſteer'd, p. 16. l. 3.] Vide Tacitus.

Clanging arms, ibid. l. 8.] Their arms are a ſhield and ſhort ſpear, the lower end whereof is a piece of braſs, like an apple, that by ſhakin they may terrify the enemy.—Camden's Britannia, taken from I Nicæus, out of Xiphilin's Epitome.

Hid in the aguiſh fen, p. 17. l. 17.] Many ancient writers aſſert, tl the Britons in their retreat would hide themſelves in the bogs up to th chins in water.—Dio Nicæus, &c. &c.

But when with conqueſt crown'd, p. 18. l. 5.] For the train of thou through this paragraph, the author is indebted to a ſpeech of Caractacus Mr. Maſon's Tragedy.

'Twas ſung, that birds, p. 20. l. 3.] Vide Lucan's Deſcription o Druid's Grove. B. 3.

With harps, that glitter'd, p. 21. l. 18.] For the image in this line ıe author is indebted to Mr. Maſon's Caractacus.

Wild weeds grac'd her head, p. 23, l. 16.] Vide Chatterton's Ode to reedom.

And, borne in chains from, p. 24. l. 11.] Vide Tacitus's account of aractacus at the throne of Claudius.

The Conſtitution and Example of the Seven Apocalyptic Churches.

A

SERMON

PREACHED IN LAMBETH CHAPEL

AT THE CONSECRATION OF

THE RIGHT REV. THOMAS BURGESS, D. D.

LORD BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S,

AND

THE RIGHT REV. JOHN FISHER, D. D.

LORD BISHOP OF EXETER,

ON SUNDAY, JULY 17, 1803.

IMPRIMATUR,

WHITTINGTON LANDON,

Vice-Can. Oxon.

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BY

RALPH CHURTON, M. A.

RECTOR OF MIDDLETON CHENEY, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE,
CHAPLAIN TO THE LORD BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S,
AND LATE FELLOW OF BRASEN NOSE COLLEGE.

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REV. ii. 7.

HE THAT HATH AN EAR, LET HIM HEAR WHAT THE SPIRIT SAITH UNTO THE CHURCHES: TO HIM THAT OVERCOMETH WILL I GIVE TO EAT OF THE TREE OF LIFE, WHICH IS IN THE MIDST OF THE PARADISE OF GOD.

THE holy Scriptures are productive of the bleſſings which they promiſe. In the awful book, whence the text is taken, a bleſſing is pronounced on thoſe who read and keep the "things which "are written therein[a];" and thoſe who have followed the advice have experienced the benefit. Even in the more myſterious and as yet partly unaccompliſhed portions of the prophecy, together with the moſt alarming views of divine wrath, which may deter from ſin, there are blended the moſt powerful and invigorating calls to love and obedience; and as it has been ſaid, that ſcarcely one, in theſe later ages, ever ſtudied the book attentively, whoſe labour was not crowned with "ſome diſcovery worth knowing[b]," ſo it may be noted, that thoſe who have peculiarly devoted their

[a] Rev. i. 3. xxii. 7.

[b] Sir Iſaac Newton on Daniel and the Apocalypſe, part ii. chap. i. p. 253.

time and talents to the ſubject, have been the brighteſt ornaments of their days. The prophecy was revealed by Jeſus Chriſt to his beloved diſciple John; and the character of the penman, the patience, humility, and devout affection of him that leaned on the boſom of his Lord, have been viſible in the ſcholars and interpreters of his work [c]. Guided by Him that "was dead, and is alive for "evermore [d]," they now reſt with Him. They overcame in death, and therefore "eat of the tree of "life, which is in the midſt of the paradiſe of God. "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit "ſaith unto the churches."

In the churches, thus emphatically addreſſed by the Holy Spirit, two things eſpecially demand our attention; their Conſtitution, and their Conduct. The former, if it ſhall appear to be like our own, will not fail, with God's bleſſing, to confirm our faith; the latter will inſpire and regulate our practice.

Firſt then it is obſervable, that the epiſtles from Chriſt to theſe ſeven churches are addreſſed to the Angels of thoſe churches; and the angels are repreſented as ſtars in the right hand of the Son of Man,

[c] I will mention three only, Mr. Mede, Biſhop Bagot, and his eſteemed friend ("O name for ever honour'd, ever dear") Dr. Townſon.

[d] Rev. i. 19.

whoſe " countenance was as the ſun ſhineth in his " ſtrength[e]." Of theſe ſtars there is no one of greater magnitude and luſtre than the reſt, communicating to them light and heat; the ſeven are equally and alike in the right hand of Chriſt, repleniſhed with radiance by Him alone. He " walketh " in the midſt of the ſeven golden candleſticks[f]," and is alike preſent, without any intervening vicegerent, in all the churches denoted by them.

The teſtimony of Jeſus is directed to his ſervants on earth, not to the bleſſed angels in heaven. The angels therefore here are the Miniſters of the churches; a circumſtance which was ſo obvious, that this part of the viſion was not, like the reſt, explained to St. John. The churches are ſeven, and the angels alſo ſeven; and the epiſtles are addreſſed reſpectively to the angels of the churches; to the angel of the church of Epheſus, to the angel of the church in Smyrna, and ſo on. The churches therefore were governed, not by ſeveral coordinate paſtors, but each of them by one ſuperintending miniſter, whoſe authority, under Chriſt, was independent and ſupreme.

What then, it is material to inquire, was the nature and amplitude of theſe churches? Were they ſo many individual congregations only, one in

[e] Rev. i. 16. [f] Rev. ii. 1.

each of theſe great cities, with one miniſter preſiding in each as their voice and head? This is, on the face of the account, highly improbable; and we have collateral evidence to prove, that the fact could not be ſo; and a ſhort reference to theſe authentic documents, ſome of them anterior to the date of the Apocalypſe, and others nearly coeval with it, will at the ſame time confirm the idea which the Apocalypſe ſuggeſts of the primitive churches, as ſeverally governed by one chief paſtor, who held immediately from Chriſt himſelf, not by an aſſembly of equal miniſters.

One of the churches, and the firſt named, perhaps on account of the fame both of the city and the church, is that of Epheſus. At Epheſus St. Paul preached the goſpel "by the ſpace of three years[g]." Here it was, that "a great door and effectual was "opened" to him[h]. Here it was, that "the word "of the Lord ſo mightily grew and prevailed," that the worſhipers of the great goddeſs Diana feared leſt her temple ſhould be deſpiſed, and her magnificence deſtroyed[i]. The multitude of converts, that occaſioned this alarm, never could aſſemble, for the purpoſe of divine worſhip, in one place. There were aſſuredly various congregations; as it is alſo evident there were numerous teachers. Hence St.

[g] Acts xix. 10. xx. 31.
[h] 1 Cor. xvi. 9.
[i] Acts xix. 20. 27.

Paul beſought Timothy to abide at Epheſus, to "charge ſome that they teach no other doctrine[k];" and hence he ſent from Miletus to Epheſus, "and "called the elders of the church[l]."

It matters not whether the term Elders here denotes Preſbyters, or Biſhops, or includes both. New names, which are commonly metaphorical, not entirely new combinations, ſeldom acquire at once their appropriate and technical ſignification. Even the word Chriſt is never uſed in the goſpels without ſome diſtinctive adjunct, to ſhew that it means excluſively the Meſſiah. In St. Paul's days therefore in the church of Epheſus, including perhaps the dependent neighbourhood (for in the Apoſtle's haſte there was ſcarcely time to convene a ſynod from various diſtant places) there were many congregations and many paſtors; and when full thirty years, under the care of Timothy and other labourers in the ſame vineyard, had increaſed the number of believers in Chriſt, ſtill this "Epheſian church[m]," as it is ſtyled in the Apocalypſe, was but one vine. If her branches were large, and her huſbandmen numerous, they were all ſubject to one ſteward, to one "angel," one paramount guide and governour of the whole.

[k] 1 Tim. i. 3.
[l] Acts xx. 17.
[m] Rev. ii. 1. της Εφεσινης εκκλησιας.

Clement, the fellow-labourer of St. Paul, whoſe name, he ſays, was in the book of life [n], wrote his celebrated epiſtle to the Corinthians ſoon after the martyrdom of that Apoſtle, to which he alludes [o]. In this epiſtle he ſpeaks of the triple order and diſtinct offices of the Chriſtian prieſthood, not indeed under their appropriate names, but under thoſe of the Levitical prieſthood [p]; in the room of which, by His will and appointment, who ſeeth the end from the beginning, and framed the firſt covenant to be introductory to the ſecond, the miniſters of the Chriſtian church ſucceeded. Clement ſays moreover, that the Apoſtles conſtituted theſe paſtors, knowing by our Lord Jeſus Chriſt that diſputes would ariſe, particularly with regard to the name of Epiſcopacy [q].

This was before St. John wrote the Apocalypſe. About ten years after it was written, namely in the year of Chriſt 107, Ignatius, on his way to martyrdom at Rome, addreſſed epiſtles to ſome of theſe Apocalyptic churches, and to certain others; beginning, as St. John does, with the church of Epheſus. It is ſcarcely poſſible to open the invaluable letters of this companion of the Apoſtles without perceiving immediately, that there were then three orders of miniſters in the Chriſtian

[n] Phil. iv. 3.
[o] Clem. Ep. to Cor. §. 5.
[p] §. 40. 42.
[q] §. 44.

church, called by the ſame names, and inveſted with the ſame powers, as at preſent. He ſays, "Biſhops were appointed by the will of Jeſus "Chriſt to the ends of the earth [r];" that we ſhould look upon them, as we would upon the Lord himſelf; "the Biſhop preſiding in the place of God, "the Preſbyters in the place of the council of the "Apoſtles, and the Deacons being entruſted with "the miniſtry of Jeſus Chriſt [s]." "Attend," continues he, "to the Biſhop, and to the Preſbytery, "and Deacons [t];" "without theſe there is no "church [u]."

St. Paul urges the example of the churches as a powerful argument for uniformity and order; and he informs us, that he every where taught and ordained the ſame things, with reſpect even to matters of private decorum and propriety [x]. It is impoſſible to ſuppoſe, that he did not, and his companions, we have ſeen, aſſure us he did, purſue the

[r] Epheſ. §. 3. 6.

[s] Magneſ. §. 6. Comp. Trall. §. 2. Smyrn. §. 8.

[t] Philad. §. 7.

[u] Trall. §. 3. In exact conformity with the exiſting order of *one* chief paſtor and *ſeveral* ſubordinate miniſters, it is obſervable, that in theſe epiſtles the expreſſion almoſt invariably is, "the biſhop, the preſbyters, and deacons." And St. Paul, for the ſame reaſon, ſeems to ſpeak in the ſame manner: "The "biſhop (δει αν τον επισκοπον) muſt be blameleſs—likewiſe the "deacons." 1 Tim. iii. 2. 8.

[x] 1 Cor. iv. 17. vii. 17. xi. 16. xiv. 33.

ſame method in an affair of ſo much higher moment, as the frame and conſtitution of the church itſelf. No one ſpecific form of church government is indeed preſcribed, nor can perhaps with certainty be deduced, from the writings of St. Paul, or from any other part of the New Teſtament; but then neither is the inſtitution of the Chriſtian ſabbath there recorded, nor the obſervance of it any where injoined. Articles of faith and doctrines neceſſary to ſalvation we build on the word of God alone; but matters of diſcipline and order, with incidental alluſion to, or expreſs mention of, the then ſubſiſting practice, might ſafely be left, as we find they were, under God's bleſſed providence, to the ſtanding and perpetual comment of univerſal example: and as there never was an age or country, profeſſing to believe in Chriſt, from the Apoſtles' days to our own, in which the Lord's day was not kept as the day of Chriſtian worſhip, ſo neither was there, during fifteen hundred years, any part of Chriſtendom, of which we have authentic hiſtory, in which theſe orders of miniſters, Biſhops, Prieſts, and Deacons, were not eſtabliſhed.

It was the felicity of the church of England to enjoy, at the Reformation, and her wiſdom to retain, this primitive and apoſtolical order; with which even the great Reformer of Geneva was ſo well ſatisfied, that, had not the inſidious arts of the emiſſaries of Rome intervened and prevented it,

there is reaſon to believe, he himſelf would have adopted epiſcopacy [r], and the great and lamented anomaly of a church without a biſhop would probably to this hour have been unknown in the world.

[r] See in Foxes and Firebrands, 1682. part ii. p. 11—13. extract of a Letter "directed to the Biſhops of Wincheſter and "Rocheſter" (Gardiner and Ponett, as the margin ſays) in which it is ſaid, "It is the opinion of our learned men now at "*Trent*, that the ſchiſms in England by Edward's Council "eſtabliſhed, will reclaim all the foreign ſects unto their diſci- "pline, and thereby be one body united. For Calvin, Bullin- "ger, and others have wrote unto Edward to offer their ſer- "vice to aſſiſt and unite, alſo to make Edward and his heirs "their chief Defender, and ſo have Biſhops as well as Eng- "land; which if it come to paſs, that heretick Biſhops be ſo "near, and ſpread abroad, Rome and the clergy utterly falls. "You muſt therefore make theſe offertures of theirs odious to "Edward and his Council. Receive N. S. and E. L. from "Rotterdam, their leſſons are taught them, take you their "parts, if checked by the other hereticks; for theſe be for "rebaptizing, and not for infant baptiſm.—Reverend fathers, "it is left to you to aſſiſt, and to thoſe you know are ſure to "the Mother-Church. From Delph the 4th Ide of May, "Anno Chriſti, 1549. D. G."

When Sir Henry Sidney ſhewed Queen Elizabeth this Letter, found among her Siſter's papers, it "cauſed her to expreſs "theſe very words: *I had rather than a year's revenue, that my "brother Edward and his Council had ſeen this Letter; nay ra- "ther than twice my revenue I had ſeen it ſooner.*—The Council, "upon her Highneſs diſcourſe, concluded that Calvin would "have eſtabliſhed Epiſcopacy beyond ſeas, had he been con- "ſulted herein, and that the hindrance of this offerture cauſed "much animoſity between Reformers."

We have extended our ſurvey further perhaps than was abſolutely neceſſary for the illuſtration of the ſyſtem of the ſeven Aſian churches. But if it was needful, while ſome of our Lord's Apoſtles were ſtill living, "to contend for the faith which "was once delivered unto the ſaints[z]," it cannot be improper in theſe our days, when things not diſputable are yet diſputed, to recur now and then, on occaſions like the preſent, to the rock whence we are hewn[a]; to view the ſolid foundation of Scripture and conſentient antiquity, on which our truly apoſtolical church is raiſed; and if, as often hitherto, the floods ſhall aſſail it, we humbly truſt in God it will never fall.

But we muſt return for a moment to the Apocalyptic churches; in which the unity and compactneſs of them cannot eſcape our notice. St. Paul, writing to one of theſe churches, ſays, Chriſt appointed divers paſtors and teachers, for the perfecting of the ſaints in the unity of the faith, of knowledge, and of truth[b]; and the wiſdom of the inſtitution is ſtrikingly exemplified in the inſtance before us. The epiſtles are written to the angel, that is, as we have now ſeen, to the biſhop, of each church: he was, as it were, the pervading ſpirit, that animated the body. "I received your whole "multitude," ſays Ignatius, "in Oneſimus your

[z] Jude 3. [a] Iſaiah li. 1. [b] Epheſ. iv. 11—15.

¶ biſhop[c]." So cloſe was the intimacy, ſo conſtant the intercourſe, that what was addreſſed to the head was in effect addreſſed to the body at large; whence the epiſtle, which begins as if it were perſonal to one, often and naturally turns to all; and again the epiſtle, which is addreſſed generally to a church, apoſtrophizes frequently to the individual who preſided in that church.

This is the character of St. John's latter epiſtles, and of thoſe in the Apocalypſe; there are traces of it in St. Paul; and it is particularly viſible in the epiſtles of Clement and Ignatius. None of theſe epiſtles, neither the inſpired nor the uninſpired, were of a private nature, but as it were circular letters; to be read by all, and to be recommended and enforced by the paſtors of the flock, that all might be edified in love and harmony.

But the conſtitution planned by the will of heaven to promote peace on earth, will not always enſure it; and in adverting to the Example of theſe early churches, as in other inſtances, we find ſome things to avoid, as well as ſome to imitate.

In the epiſtles to theſe churches, ſome particulars are addreſſed alike to all the ſeven; and ſome peculiarly to one or two. The former may be regarded

[c] Epheſ. §. 1.

as leſſons of permanent utility, applicable to all churches, and therefore muſt not be overlooked; ſome of the latter, more ſeaſonable in certain correſponding caſes, may for brevity be omitted.

Firſt then the ſeven epiſtles, each of them in the name of Chriſt, commence with this ſolemn declaration, "I know thy works!" He who once gave himſelf unto death, that he might purchaſe to himſelf a glorious church, and when he was about to aſcend unto the Father, ſaid to his Apoſtles, "Lo, "I am with you alway, even unto the end of the "world [d];" he doth not forget that his bleſſed promiſe. He is with the ſucceſſors of the Apoſtles, with the angels of the churches, in every age. He gives effect to their labours; he bleſſes the word of life, the ordinances and ſacraments, in their hands, as if what is done by them were done by himſelf. He rebukes and chaſtens as many as he loves; and he loveth all, for he died for all. To Him we are accountable for all our time, and all our talents of ſoul and body.

Secondly, as the epiſtles begin, ſo they end, in one uniform manner; with the admonition to hear, and with this encouragement: "To him that over-"cometh will I give" his appointed reward. The victor only is crowned; and the race is for life.

[d] Matth. xxviii. 20.

There is no time when we may intermit our care, and ſlumber at our poſt. No circumſtance in the account of theſe churches is more ſeverely reprehended, than the lukewarmneſs and indifference of the church of Laodicea. She called herſelf rich, and ſaid, ſhe needed nothing; but ſhe is counſeled to buy gold tried in the fire, that ſhe might be rich; and white raiment, that ſhe might be clothed; and white robes are ſuch as have been waſhed in the blood of the Lamb [e], the righteouſneſs of the ſaints [f]; faith ever active, love ever ardent, preſented to God in the name of Chriſt.

Repentance is required in moſt, but not in all, theſe churches. We know there is no man that ſinneth not; none therefore who hath not need of repentance. But of theſe Apoſtolic churches, viewed in their public form and character, there might perhaps be one or two, that, like the ſpouſe in the Canticles, were fair and comely, without ſpot or wrinkle [g]; and if any were ſo, none more likely than the church of Smyrna, guided, as it now was, by Polycarp, conſtituted biſhop there about two years before by St. John [h]. It is our duty to copy the things, which are moſt excellent; and to be, as

[e] Rev. vii. 14.
[f] Rev. xix. 8.
[g] Cant. iv. 7. Epheſ. v. 27.
[h] Iren. lib. iii. c. 3. and Cave Hiſt. Lit.

he is, perhaps prophetically, exhorted to be, "faithful unto death [i]."

Laſtly, moſt of theſe churches were infeſted more or leſs with heretics and hypocrites; whence ſome of them are commended for trying falſe apoſtles, and ſome for hating the deeds of the Nicolaitans, men of corrupt faith, ſhewing itſelf, as is common, by impurity of life. There were pretended Jews, that is, in the figurative ſtyle of the book, pretended Chriſtians, men nominally ſo, not in heart and ſincerity. There was Jezebel a propheteſs; and there were children of Balaam, who tempted their brethren to deeds of idolatry and licentiouſneſs. Againſt all theſe therefore the churches are charged to be watchful, to remember how they had received and heard, to ſtrengthen what remained, to hold faſt, and to do their firſt works.

Is it neceſſary, in concluſion, to apply this diſcourſe? The Difficulties of any ſtation may be left to thoſe who are in that ſtation; they will be ſure to find them, and feel them forcibly. The Duties of an office it is not unſafe to learn ſometimes from ſtrangers and lookers on, who are not likely to extenuate the obligation. Moreover, the duties of the clergy are in many parts common to the higher and to the lower orders, differing in degree, rather than

[i] Rev. ii. 10.

in kind; and if we preſume to exhort others, we do not excuſe ourſelves.

In looking back to the churches, to which St. John wrote, and others contemporary with them, we have cauſe for unfeigned thanks to God, whoſe mercy in Chriſt has given and preſerved to us a church, which in form as well as doctrine agrees with thoſe churches, which were planted by the Apoſtles, and watered with the blood of ſaints and martyrs. If the ſame bleſſed Providence has extended to us what thoſe early Chriſtians did not enjoy, civil protection; if he hath raiſed up Kings to be the nurſing fathers, and Queens the nurſing mothers, of our Sion; if he inſpires Senators and Stateſmen to watch over her welfare, and ſecure her peace; theſe accumulated benefits do not leſſen the debt of gratitude to God, nor cancel the obligation of good-will and ſervice to men.

Did hereſies abound in the days of the Apoſtles, and in churches of their planting? It is no wonder that they continue to abound; it is only the accompliſhment of what our bleſſed Lord and his Apoſtles foretold. The cauſe ſtill operates, and produces its proper fruit. The enemy is not leſs malignant, nor leſs active, than he was from the beginning; the heart of man is not leſs corrupt, nor his ſelf-will leſs obſtinate, than in the ancient generations.

How then may we check the growing evil? Shall we propagate truth by perſecuting its oppoſers? or meet the enthuſiaſm of the ſectary with enthuſiaſm for the church? God forbid. As the Maſter was armed, ſo muſt his ſervants be. The weapons of his warfare were not carnal; he did not call down fire from heaven to conſume his adverſaries. Out of his Mouth goeth a two-edged ſword[k]: and the two-edged ſword is reaſon and Scripture, a ſound underſtanding, guided in expounding and applying the word of God by the aid of juſt criticiſm, and by the light of primitive antiquity. If arguments from theſe ſources will not convince the gainſayer, to the Judge of all he ſtandeth or falleth. "He that is unjuſt, let him be unjuſt ſtill: and he "that is holy, let him be holy ſtill[l]."

We have ſeen marvelous events in our days; and at this portentous criſis, when the heavens on all ſides gather blackneſs, who dares affirm, that vengeance is diſarmed, and all bitterneſs paſt? In the Apocalypſe we read, that when the witneſſes of truth are about to finiſh their teſtimony, "the "beaſt that aſcendeth out of the bottomleſs pit "ſhall make war againſt them, and ſhall overcome "them, and kill them." When this day of terror comes, as in God's appointed time come it muſt, whatever be the preciſe import of the dreadful pre-

[k] Rev. i. 16. ii. 12. 16. xix. 15. 21. [l] Rev. xxii. 11.

diction, who can ſay whether thoſe who are firſt in rank ſhall not be foremoſt in danger; expoſed above others to barbarous indignities and the extremity of death?

Thou therefore, O man of God, who comeſt to ſerve the Lord in the good work and office of a Biſhop, prepare thy ſoul for trial[m]. If hardſhips come upon thee, endure them manfully, as a good ſoldier of Jeſus Chriſt. In the words of Ignatius to his dear friend Polycarp, whoſe "mind he knew "was fixed in God, as upon an immoveable rock, "Preſs forward in thy courſe; maintain thy place. "Have regard to unity, than which nothing is bet- "ter. Support all in love. Aſk more underſtand- "ing than what thou already haſt. Bear the infir- "mities of all. Where the labour is great, the gain "is the more[n]." For, ſaith the Lord of theſe ſaints, "Behold I come quickly, and my reward is "with me[o]. Him that overcometh will I make a "pillar in the temple of my God, and he ſhall go "no more out: and I will write upon him the "name of my God, and the name of the city of "my God, which is new Jeruſalem, which cometh "down out of heaven from my God: and I will "write upon him my new name. He that hath "an ear, let him hear what the Spirit ſaith unto "the churches."

[m] Ecclus. ii. 1. 1 Tim. iii. 1.
[n] Ignat. to Polyc. §. 1.
[o] Rev. xxii. 12. iii. 12, 13.

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A SERMON,

PREACHED at the ANNIVERSARY-MEETING

OF A

BENEFIT-SOCIETY

At WHITKIRK,

On WHIT-MONDAY, 1792.

BY S. SMALPAGE, M. A.

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[1792.]

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1 TIMOTHY, v. 8.

IF ANY PROVIDE NOT FOR HIS OWN, AND SPECIALLY FOR THOSE OF HIS OWN HOUSE, HE HATH DENIED THE FAITH, AND IS WORSE THAN AN INFIDEL.

A BENEFICENT CREATOR hath ſent us into the world, with the gracious intention of furniſhing us with ſome portion of happineſs even here, and of preparing us for a more perfect and more laſting happineſs hereafter, if on our parts we faithfully attend to what is expected from us, and duly anſwer the ends of our creation. Upon a compariſon of theſe two intereſts we have at ſtake in this world and another, it is obvious, that one of them exceeds the other in an infinite proportion, as much as heaven is higher than the earth, as much as eternity is of longer duration than

than time, as much as the ſoul is more valuable than the body: and therefore when they interfere and come in competition with each other, we can be at no loſs which we ought to prefer. For "what would a man be profited, though he ſhould gain the whole "world*" to himſelf, if that were poſſible, and enjoy the fulleſt portion of human felicity for the narrow ſpan of the longeſt human life, and then be miſerable for ever in another ſtate? But it is only the perverſeneſs of man, which makes theſe two intereſts to be at variance with each other. They *may* be joined together in friendly union, as the ſoul and the body are; and we *may* "ſo paſs thro' things "temporal, as that we finally loſe not the things eternal‡." Our directions how to conduct our temporal affairs as inhabitants of the earth, and how to manage our ſpiritual concerns as candidates for heaven, are both contained in thoſe ſacred records which God hath been graciouſly pleaſed to furniſh for our inſtruction. The latter indeed are more fully and more earneſtly inculcated than the former, as they are infinitely more important, and as "the children "of this world are in their generation wiſer than the children of "light†," and therefore ſtand not ſo much in need of aids beyond the help of reaſon. At the ſame time God has not been unmindful of us even in temporal matters. As he has fitted up a world for our reception, though full of wants and imperfections in compariſon of the glory that ſhall be revealed hereafter, yet in reality abounding with large and plentiful proviſion for the neceſſary accommodations and comfortable enjoyments of human life; ſo he has, by the mouths of his prophets and apoſtles, afforded us many uſeful leſſons for our conduct in life. If theſe have a tendency to make men happier, even

* Matt. xvi. 26. ‡ Collect for 4th Sunday after Trinity. † Luke xvi. 8.

even in the preſent ſtate, they are ſo far of importance, and hold a worthy place even in the treaſures of inſpiration. But if it be conſidered, that the Bible is almoſt the only book, which a very large part of our fellow-chriſtians, the labouring poor, have ability to procure, and that their ſtock of knowledge is, for the moſt part, confined to what they draw from hence; if to this be added the great reverence and eſteem, with which minds well-diſpoſed receive the oracles and inſtructions of God; they are to ſuch perſons not only important, but neceſſary, and almoſt the only efficacious, means of uſeful information. Nay, there is ſtill a further reaſon for the directions we meet with in the Holy Scriptures relating to worldly matters, that by our conduct in theſe reſpects chiefly has God declared his purpoſe to prove our obedience, and to "know what is "in our hearts, whether we will keep his commandments, or no*." In matters of faith, we are required to ſhow chiefly the ſubmiſſion of our *reaſon* to the *declarations* of God: in matters relating to practice and the conduct of life chiefly are we required to ſhow the ſubmiſſion of our *wills* to the *commands* of God. In this view therefore I propoſe to conſider the injunction implied in the text, both as it is a neceſſary duty incumbent on us as men and chriſtians, and as it is peculiarly ſuited to the occaſion of our preſent meeting. "If any "provide not for his own," ſays the apoſtle, "and ſpecially for "thoſe of his own houſe, he hath denied the faith, and is worſe "than an infidel."

Now the proviſion, which we are here required to make for thoſe who depend upon us, is of two ſorts; a ſupply of their preſent wants,

* Deut. viii. 2.

wants, and a reſource againſt future contingencies. In the higher ſtations of life, there is very little danger of a failure in either of theſe reſpects; unleſs it be through ſomething worſe than neglect, unleſs it be through wilful folly and madneſs, by which the largeſt fortunes may be diſſipated, when they are not only impaired by extravagance, but thrown away by a hazard. In the middle ranks we ſee inſtances, both of fair opportunities of doing well in the world indolently neglected and fooliſhly ſuffered to be loſt, and alſo of large and diſproportionate fortunes amaſſed, beyond the neceſſities, beyond the comfortable enjoyments of life, beyond all reaſonable proviſion for eſtabliſhments for children, or any other good or uſeful purpoſe whatever. But in the lower ranks of ſociety, the danger is for the moſt part all on one ſide, and that the moſt diſtreſſing. There is very little danger of thoſe, who earn a hard ſubſiſtence by daily labour, engroſſing to themſelves too much of the good things of this world. The evil, to which they are moſt expoſed, lies in the other extreme; where being only in the receipt of ſmall pittances of worldly gain, they live, as we uſually expreſs it, *from hand to mouth*, without œconomy, without foreſight, without any exertion or endeavour to render their preſent ſituations more comfortable, or their future proſpects more pleaſing.

Now it is the buſineſs of religion to recall men in ſuch circumſtances from this indolent habit of thinking and living, and to remind them of the duties they owe to themſelves and their families. Perhaps it is not in their power to mend their ſituations, ſo as to acquire a better income: perhaps they may be in the regular receipt of ſtated ſums, which are the fair and full price of their labour.

labour. I have put the caſe here of the loweſt ſituation in life, ſo that what I have to urge upon it will apply with ſtill ſtronger force to thoſe who have better opportunities, when it is ſeen what is expected even from ſuch perſons as theſe. I have put the caſe alſo in the moſt unfavourable view, where the price of daily labour is a fixed ſum, and the conſtant receipt, even where we ſuppoſe no interruptions from ſickneſs, muſt be invariably the ſame, where there are no advantages to improve.

Here then, it is plain, there is nothing to be *gained:* the only care that can reaſonably be expected is, that nothing be *loſt*. And would to God, that there were leſs room for complaint on this head, than there too commonly is! Is it for perſons of this deſcription to ſpend their little pittances, or any part of them, in intoxicating liquors? And yet it is with perſons of this deſcription that our alehouſes are generally filled. Do they conſider, that the liquor, which they purchaſe in this way, they buy, in the firſt place, at double the price of what they could have it made for at home? A large duty is raiſed upon it towards the public revenue, beſides the profit which accrues to thoſe who furniſh ſuch houſes of entertainment, and gain a diſreputable livelihood out of the bowels of the poor.* Is it, I ſay, for perſons of this deſcription to purchaſe

 liquor

* The author is not under any apprehenſions of being thought a bad citizen, in conſequence of what he here advances in diſparagement of the public revenue.—His argument, whatever way it may make in the world, which, he is afraid, will be very little, will produce very ſmall effects indeed upon this branch of exciſe.

But

liquor at a double price? Is their money ſo *hardly come at*, in ſo *ſmall quantities*, and ſo *much to be done with it*; and can they afford to ſquander it in ſuch a manner, as to receive only *half* its value in return? But this is not all; they not only *buy* what they drink *too dear*; they alſo *drink too much*. If they were ſatisfied with moderate refreſhment, ſuch as they would take at home; if they were even ſatisfied when Nature ſays, It is enough; (though it is not for perſons in ſuch circumſtances to ſatisfy the *utmoſt* demands of Nature) the evil would be ſtill comparatively ſmall. They are too often drawn on to exceſs. Thus their money is conſumed, their time waſted, their health impaired. They have fooliſhly ſquandered

But if theſe effects were even to be conſiderable, the acquiſition to be gained to the community by the increaſe of induſtry, frugality, and good order, would more than compenſate any diminution of revenue. A royal proclamation, tending to produce ſuch effects in a far more conſiderable degree, was publiſhed a very few years ago, recommending the ſuppreſſion of unneceſſary public houſes. It was ſupported by the reſolutions of juſtices at their quarter ſeſſions. Meaſures for the ſame purpoſe are now purſuing in many places with good effect. The author is deſirous of co-operating in the ſame cauſe, though in another way; and of uſing his weak endeavours towards the promotion of public order and private happineſs, to both which houſes of public entertainment are in very many inſtances extremely hurtful. That they are rendered injurious to the private happineſs of individuals, ſufficient proof, it is apprehended, is adduced in this diſcourſe: and that they are unfriendly to public order and the peace of ſociety, cannot well be doubted, when it is conſidered, that almoſt all quarrels among the lower claſs of people are there begun and fomented; that the paſſions are inflamed to their utmoſt pitch of phrenſy, and ready to carry men on to any exceſſes whatever; and that habits of idleneſs and expence are induced and confirmed, which lead to conſequences moſt pernicious to ſociety.

dered what they had diligently earned; they have encroached perhaps upon the time when they ſhould have returned to their employments; and they may require further time to recover from their debauch, before they are fit for labour.

In the mean time, their families are perhaps in want of the common neceſſaries of life. The anxious wife is perhaps waiting with impatience for the return of her huſband with his weekly earnings, and, after much deliberation, has at length determined within herſelf how they may be laid out to the beſt advantage. The half-clad, half-fed children are perhaps crying out for bread to their helpleſs mother, who has it not to give them, till the father comes in with the means of procuring it.

Call you the wretch a *Chriſtian*, who, under circumſtances like theſe, is conſuming his gains upon himſelf, upon his beaſtly appetite? No, my brethren: "he hath denied the faith;" he hath renounced his religion. Call him not a *Chriſtian*; call him not a *man*. It is not the office of religion, it is the mere impulſe of Nature, which teaches parents to provide food for their children. "What *man* is there of you," ſays our Saviour, (not what true ſervant of God, but "what *man* is there") whom if his ſon aſk "bread, will he give him a ſtone? or if he aſk a fiſh, will he give "him a ſerpent?*" For men, without being directed to it by religious motives, nay even "being *evil*," as our Lord obſerves, and ſitting looſe from all religious obligations, are taught by Nature to "give good gifts unto their children.†" So that he, who is capable of acting in that unfeeling manner which I have deſcribed,

* Matt. vii. 9, 10. † Verſe 11.

ſo very like the caſe put by our Lord, of "giving a ſon a ſtone when "he aſks for bread," (which he puts as a caſe which Nature muſt revolt at;) ſuch a man, I ſay, "hath" not only "denied the faith," but he is moreover "worſe than an infidel," worſe than a perſon who has never allied himſelf to the merciful Jeſus, but who retains only the common feelings, and common propenſities, of a man.

How very different is the conduct to be obſerved by thoſe who unite themſelves in wedlock, as men and Chriſtians! "For this "cauſe ſhall a man leave his father and mother,"—(*leave* them? not leave them deſtitute of ſupport, if they ſtand in need of aſſiſtance; for no obligation or alliance a man can enter into can ever cancel the obligation he is under to relieve his aged parents in diſtreſs: this is a duty, which if Nature do not plead for ſo earneſtly as ſhe does for the ſupport of children; though the alliance is in the ſame degree, and ſhould moreover be ſtrengthened by the additional obligations of gratitude; and though many perſons, I am afraid, who have their parents to ſupport, do it very ſparingly and very grudgingly, who yet think no expence too great to be beſtowed upon their children, no proviſion too ample to be laid up for them; yet a duty ſtill more forcibly inculcated in ſcripture than the other, as I might ſhow more at large, if it did not carry me too far away from my preſent argument, and even ſtrongly implied in the preſent text I have choſen*:—but) "for this cauſe ſhall a man leave "his

* What could not ſo well be inſerted in the body of the Sermon, may be here briefly ſuggeſted. It is an eſpecial commandment of God*, one of the number of

* *Ex.* xx. 12.

thoſe

" his father and mother," withdraw himſelf from their roof, detach himſelf from that conſtant ſociety and uninterrupted intercourſe he hath hitherto had with them, " and ſhall be joined unto " his wife, and they two ſhall be one fleſh*." The connexion and intimacy of perſons in this ſtate are naturally ſuch, as that, in the original

* Eph. v. 31. See my Sermon on Profane Swearing, page 10.

thoſe, which were promulgated with ſo much pomp and ſolemnity, which " God ſpake†" from Mount Sinai, and which were " written with the finger of God‡," to be tranſmitted down to all generations.—It is alſo, not only ſanctioned by authority, but encouraged, as St. Paul obſerves, by a " promiſe↓" of a particular bleſſing.—In is vindicated from the corrupt gloſſes and traditions of the Scribes and Phariſees by our Lord himſelf; who inſtructs us, that no man has a right to " ſay to his father or mother, it is a *gift*, by whatſoever thou mighteſt be profited " by me**;" that is, that the aſſiſtance, which a man affords his parents in diſtreſs is by no means to be regarded as a voluntary act, which may either be done or let alone, (for ſuch would be the conſequence to which this would lead,) but that it is his bounden and indiſpenſable duty to afford them all convenient aſſiſtance.—The moſt beautiful comment upon this duty, and perhaps not the leaſt forcible, is the expreſſion of our Saviour upon the croſs, when taking leave of his mother. " When Jeſus therefore ſaw his mother, and the diſciple ſtanding by whom he " loved, he ſaith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy ſon! Then ſaith he to " the diſciple, Behold thy mother!*" The mere ſuggeſting of ſuch an idea was, he knew, ſufficient to teach his mother what ſhe had now to truſt to, and his diſciple what it was that he expected from him. Accordingly, " from that hour that diſciple," as he himſelf informs us he underſtood the hint, " took her unto his " own home."

† *verſe* 1. ‡ *Ex.* xxi. 18. ↓ Eph. vi. 2.

** *Matt.* xv. 5.

* *John* xix. 26, 27.

original inſtitution of marriage by God himſelf, they are repreſented under the ſimilitude of an union of ſubſtance: and to render this idea ſtronger in the firſt inſtance, we are told, that Eve was actually formed out of part of the original ſubſtance of Adam's body*. Agreeably to this notion, we find the apoſtle thus expreſſing himſelf: "So ought men to love their wives, as their own bodies: he "that loveth his wife, loveth himſelf: for no man ever yet hated "his own fleſh; but nouriſheth and cheriſheth it, *even as the Lord* "*the church*†." Here he ſuggeſts another idea, which, he obſerves, "is a great myſtery;" bringing in another argument from the alliance between Chriſt and his church, and his great love for his ſpouſe the church; an argument of ſo ſpiritual and refined a nature, as to be involved in "myſtery" and obſcurity to thoſe, who have not arrived at the higheſt attainments in chriſtian knowledge and chriſtian perfection.

Between a man and his wife then, as repreſented under the ſimilitude of their being "one fleſh," there exiſts, or ſhould exiſt, an union of intereſts, of cares, of comforts, of habits, of diſpoſitions. They have ſeparated themſelves from all the reſt of the world, have forſaken their old connections and kindred, and are intimately united together for the purpoſe of being mutually ſerviceable to each other, and of rearing and ſupporting the offſpring of ſuch an union.

A man then (if he would allow himſelf to think juſtly on the ſubject) has no *right* to retain to himſelf an undue proportion of his earnings,

* Gen. ii. 22. † Eph. v. 28, 29.

earnings, which he is to ſhare with his wife; even apart from the conſideration of children, and before any children are actually born, which is a circumſtance which does not always happen. If he does, his act is of the ſame nature as a fraud in a partnerſhip in trade, when a man appropriates to his own individual uſe what he has only an equal and divided property in with another man. It may perhaps be ſtill better illuſtrated by a compariſon with the crime of Ananias.

In the infant ſtate of the chriſtian church, when the impreſſions of the new doctrines of the goſpel were ſo peculiarly ſtrong and lively on men's minds, and the "demonſtration of the Spirit*," which accompanied the preaching of the Apoſtles, was ſo irreſiſtibly powerful and convincing, their imaginations were warmed to ſuch a degree, that, as they raiſed their thoughts to heavenly contemplations, they were weaned from all attachment to earthly objects. A conſequence of this was the giving up of a diſtinction of property, and the general ſurrender of the poſſeſſions of individuals into a common ſtock, for the more equal ſupport and convenience of the whole body of chriſtians†. In this ſtate of things, the ſacred hiſtory informs us, that "a certain man, named Ananias, with "Sapphira his wife, ſold a poſſeſſion, and kept back part of the price, his wife alſo being privy to it, and laid it at the Apoſtles' feet‡." In this caſe, the crime of Ananias conſiſted not in giving up only a part of his property inſtead of the whole, as others had done; for this whole procedure was purely a voluntary act, and he was

* 1 Cor. ii. 4. † See Acts iv. 32, 34, 35. ‡ Acts v. 1, 2

was at liberty to keep back both the part, and the whole of his property, without incurring any guilt by ſo doing. But his crime conſiſted in retaining *part* of his property, when he had ſolemnly profeſſed to have ſurrendered the *whole*; and profeſſed this to the Apoſtles, whom he muſt have known to be enabled by the Spirit to diſcern his falſehood: and therefore he is juſtly charged by St. Peter in theſe terms; "Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart "to lie to the Holy Ghoſt, and to keep back part of the price of "the land? Whiles it remained, was it not thine own? and after "it was ſold, was it not thine own power? Why haſt thou con-"ceived this thing in thine heart? thou haſt not lied unto men, "but unto God*."

In like manner, as long as a man remains unmarried, he is free from the obligation which he takes upon himſelf, when he makes a woman his wife. For then his property, both what he poſſeſſed at the time, and what he may hereafter acquire, is no longer at his own ſole and ſeparate diſpoſal†: and therefore if he deprives his wife of that property which he had before given up to her, to be maintained out of it in common with her, as out of a joint ſtock, he incurs a guilt ſimilar to that of Ananias, and renounces the ſolemn engagement,

* Verſes 3, 4.

† The law of this country goes upon this principle. Even in caſes of large property, it does not deem it ſufficient, that a man ſhould bequeath his wife a bare maintenance only: ſhe muſt not only have a ſubſiſtence, and be enabled to live, but ſhe muſt be enabled to live in a manner ſuitable to his ſtation and circumſtances, even

engagement, to which he pledged himſelf before God, "With all "my worldly goods I thee endow†."

But it is not only a ſhare in her huſband's property, which a wife has a right to claim: She has a claim upon his time, ſhe has a claim upon his affections, ſhe has a claim upon him for every aſſiduity and attention it is in his power to afford her. In his abſence, whilſt he is engaged in his neceſſary employment, ſhe is ſolitary and confined at home: ſhe eats her morſel of proviſion ſparingly and with leſs reliſh without her boſom-friend, and reſerves her better meal, to partake it with him at his return. How peaceable, how happy, is domeſtic life, in the humbleſt cottage, when huſbands ſhow this token of "love for their wives*," and wives this mark of "reve-"rence for their huſbands*!" When it happens otherwiſe, when the huſband turns his back on his own home, and on a wife always ready to receive him kindly and gladly; and ſeeks his gratifications

† Form of Solemnization of Matrimony.

* Eph. v. 33.

even where he himſelf was uſed to live in a lower ſtile than he might have afforded. Where the law is open to take its courſe, and a wife has not accepted a jointure in bar of all her claims, ſhe is entitled to *nearly one half* of the property which her huſband leaves at his death, even after the *children* are provided for. When huſband and wife are ſeparated when living, if the cauſe of ſeparation be juſt, the huſband is bound to allow his wife a maintenance for herſelf, which is always rated, when compelled, according to his circumſtances. And if a man deſerts his wife, he is accountable to the law, which will take care for her ſupport. In all caſes then, a wife living with her huſband has ſurely an equitable claim to an equal property in all that he poſſeſſes.

in ſelfiſh intemperance, or in the ſociety of ſuch, whoſe mirth is madneſs; then perhaps—if the poor injured woman is not able to ſuppreſs her reſentment for ſuch treatment, and to let it prey upon her ſpirits in ſilence, and waſte and wear out her conſtitution—ſhe betakes herſelf to upbraidings; and all domeſtic happineſs is at an end.

And where children are in the caſe, they have not only to look to their parents, to their fathers more eſpecially, for the ſupport of their bodies; they have a further claim upon them for the cultivation of their minds. Some degree of knowledge and ſchool-learning is neceſſary for them in the loweſt ſtation; if not enough to qualify them for higher employments in life, where they ſhow capacities for becoming fit for higher employments; at leaſt enough to qualify them for reading and underſtanding that bleſſed book, in which all men have a common (and how dear an) intereſt*.—They muſt beſides afford them the benefit of a good example, the beſt leſſon of religion perhaps they are capable of affording them. They

* To thoſe, to whom even the trifling charge of ſchool-wage is too great a burthen, the numerous charitable inſtitutions for this purpoſe in large towns, and even in many country villages in a ſmaller degree, preſent a ſeaſonable aſſiſtance. And even to the caſe, where children are of age, and have opportunities, to earn ſomething towards their ſupport, and for that reaſon even their time cannot be ſpared to be employed in this way, the modern inſtitution of Sunday-Schools, which are now almoſt every where eſtabliſhed, is peculiarly adapted. Theſe are advantages which it muſt be a very blameable neglect not to make uſe of. Such as cannot at all afford to give their children learning in the ordinary way, where they have not the opportunity of ſuch advantages as theſe, and even where they have, if they can read themſelves, will find it not a very difficult, and certainly not a diſagreeable taſk, to employ their leiſure hours in teaching them to read.

They ſhould particularly attend to one thing, in which they are apt to be very remiſs; to neglect no opportunities of taking them with them to places of public worſhip, when they are of ſufficient age to join in public devotions, and to profit by public inſtructions. By this, and ſuch other means as are in their power to attain, they are to "bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the "Lord†."

Children are alſo capable of gratifications and diſappointments, peculiar to their age and habits; which, as connected with their happineſs, which at that early period almoſt wholly depends upon them, parents are to a certain degree bound to conſider. And what leſs expenſive, what more innocent, and, I may almoſt add, what more agreeable gratification can they afford them than their company at all their leiſure hours? and how dull and melancholy do they often render them without it? The wife looks not with more anxious expectation for the return of her huſband from the fatigues of labour, that ſhe may enjoy his converſation, watch his looks, and in all things ſtudy how ſhe may pleaſe him, than the children do to partake of thoſe playful ſports, which none are ſo ready to indulge them in as a fond parent, and none capable of affording ſo much pleaſure by them.

There is then ſufficient employment for all the money the labouring poor can honeſtly procure, and all the time they can conveniently ſpare. It is cruel, it is criminal, to divert either into wrong channels. Let them rather huſband their little ſtock to the

† Eph. vi. 4.

beſt advantage; and they will find it capable of extending much further, and anſwering much more uſeful purpoſes, than when a diſproportionate part (and in ſuch circumſtances the ſmalleſt part is a diſproportionate part) is conſumed in unneceſſary, and, in the way I have mentioned, in not innocent gratifications. Many little comforts will then come eaſily out of ſmall gains, which before were hardly, or perhaps not at all, attainable. One thing may well be relied on, and that is THE BLESSING OF GOD. Something may perhaps be ſaved for future hazards, againſt ſickneſs, againſt hurts, againſt that heavieſt loſs upon a poor family, the death of its main ſupport. Societies for this purpoſe are doubly uſeful: they point to the relief that is wanted, when men are diſpoſed to embrace it; and they invite to it, when they are not otherwiſe ſo diſpoſed, by ſhowing their good effects in other caſes.

To thoſe, who are in ſomewhat better circumſtances than thoſe of whom I have ſpoken ſo much at length, I have ſomething to ſay in addition, but it muſt now be brief. If every hour, and every ſhilling, which they ſpend ill, be not ſo immediately felt in their conſequences, yet theſe conſequences, though more ſlow, are uſually not leſs ſure. Idleneſs and intemperance, when leagued together, ſeldom leave their buſineſs unfiniſhed: they always tend to ruin, and in any circumſtances, where induſtry and frugality are required, in the end they generally effect it. I have not ſpoken of drunkenneſs, on this occaſion, in its effects upon the ſenſes, and the religious character, of a man; as degrading the underſtanding, and defacing the image of God in him. I have confined myſelf to thoſe effects which it produces in the miſchief it brings to private families. Let it not then be indulged for a moment, though you

ſee

ſee no preſent danger either to your health or ſubſtance: " at the " laſt it biteth like a ſerpent, and ſtingeth like an adder*." If you are bleſt with the means of procuring an eaſier ſubſiſtence, uſe your advantage accordingly for other purpoſes. Procure all neceſſaries, where you would indulge extravagancies. Give your children a better education, in proportion as God has given you ability: they will hereafter thank you for it; or, if they do not, God will reward you for it: children may be ungrateful, but God is ever mindful of his promiſes which he hath made to them that fear him. If God ſtill further your honeſt endeavours, look forwards, as you do in part by your joint contributions on this occaſion, to that time when you cannot work as you do now. Look to your intereſt in this ſociety rather as a ſecurity againſt the worſt which you fear may happen; in caſe you ſhould be diſabled by accidents, or cut off by premature death, than as your beſt and only refuge when you decline into the vale of years. Uſe the time of youth and ſtrength to lay up all you reaſonably and conveniently can againſt the time of need; only ſo as never to be over-ſolicitous about what may happen, or miſtruſt the good providence of God, which hath " fed " you all your lives long unto this day§." You will then reap the fruits of your honeſt labour with comfort to yourſelves:—you will have to reflect with pleaſure, that you have been uſeful in your generation, in duly ſupporting neceſſary ſtations in life; ſome of you in rearing up honeſt, uſeful, and creditable members of ſociety in your families:—you will procure reſpect to that time of life, which does

* Prov. xxiii. 32. § Gen. xlviii. 15.

does not always meet with it, but when it can command reſpect:—and you will have ſomething to tranſmit to your children, or others in whoſe proſperity you feel a lively intereſt, the fruits of *your* induſtry, and a help and encouragement to *theirs*.

FINIS.

A

LETTER

TO

SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

ON THE SUBJECT

OF A

FUTURE STATE.

By JOHN TAYLOR, L.L.D.

PREBENDARY OF WESTMINSTER, RECTOR OF BOSWORTH, LEICESTERSHIRE,
AND MINISTER OF ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.

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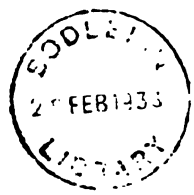

2 FEB 1933

TO HIS GRACE

WILLIAM DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

MY LORD,

FOR inſcribing the following Letter to your Grace, I ſhall make no apology, ſince juſtice requires you to protect what you have commanded to be publiſhed.

How properly *you* may engage in the defence of others who have ſo few faults of your own to palliate or correct, I am afraid of declaring, leſt, however I may be acquitted of flattery by the reſt of the world, I ſhould be ſuſpected of it by your Grace, and forfeit that eſteem which your diſcernment will only ſuffer you to pay to integrity and to truth.

I am,

My Lord,

With the greateſt eſteem and zeal,

Your Grace's moſt obliged,

Moſt faithful,

And moſt humble Servant,

JOHN TAYLOR.

THE Author of the following Letter, having heard that his friend Dr. Johnſon had ſaid, that he would prefer a ſtate of torment to that of annihilation, waited upon the Doctor, and told him that ſuch a declaration, coming from a perſon of his weight and character, might be productive of evil conſequences. Dr. J. deſired him to arrange his thoughts on the ſubject. This requeſt was complied with, and the arguments, then drawn up, have, ſince the Doctor's death, been enlarged, at the requeſt of ſome particular friends who ſaw, and approved of them.

The Reader will meet with a reference to the above in Mr. Strahan's publication of Dr. Johnſon's prayers, where he ſays, "At Aſhbourn, I hope to talk ſeriouſly with"———

To the Rev. Dr. Taylor, *on his Letter to Dr.* Johnſon, *ſtating the proofs of the Chriſtian Religion.*

WHEN doubts diſturb'd the dying JOHNSON's breaſt,
From thee, his long tried Friend, he ſought for reſt;
Thy clearer reaſon chas'd the clouds away,
And on the ſenſes pour'd the living ray.
Hence taught, the path of faith he firmly trod,
And died in full reliance on his God.
But oh! not here the bleſt effect ſhould end,
No; let thy purpoſe to the world extend:
Flaſh bright conviction on a doubting age,
And leave to lateſt times thy well-wrought page;
Teach weaker minds the mighty truths to ſcan,
Not more the Friend of JOHNSON, than of man.

BROOKE BOOTHBY, Jun.

A

LETTER

TO

SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

MY DEAR SIR,

ACCORDING to my promiſe, I here ſend you my thoughts upon the ſubject of a future ſtate, and the beſt arguments, I could think of, to prove the immortality of the ſoul, and the reſurrection of the body. If the fare I have provided for you, be not ſo delicate, or ſo highly ſeaſoned, as you may have ex-

pected,

pected, you muſt remember, that it was all to paſs your digeſtion, and your finiſh. (A new word for you.)

A very ſuperficial inquiry into the nature of the human mind will convince us, that the fear of death is the great diſturber of human quiet; and therefore, of all ſpeculations, none can be ſo intereſting to the wiſe and to the good, as ſuch as will diſcover to us the moſt efficacious remedies againſt the reſtleſs horrors of theſe moſt terrifying expectations, and afford us the beſt and moſt certain lights to cheer the gloomy paſſage through the valley of the ſhadow of death.

To do this, is the prerogative and privilege only of religion, of that religion which ſhews us, by irreſiſtible evidence, the certainty of a ſtate of future exiſtence; a ſtate, in which we ſhall ſee all the objections to the divine government of the world ſolved; all the ſeeming inequalities of providence adjuſted; and all the diſtributions of our Creator juſtified; a ſtate, in which it will appear, that in the courſe of exiſtence, the Judge of all the earth has done right; and in which, every man ſhall receive the due reward of his works, whether they be good, or whether they be evil.

That

That there will be in ſome other place a review of our preſent life; that what ſeems a total diſſolution of our nature, and abſolute privation of all ſenſitive and intellectual powers, is, in reality, only a change of the manner of life, only a removal to ſome other ſtate, and a ſeparation of our immortal from our periſhable part, has been indeed generally believed, and evinced by many moral and phyſical arguments.

It has been always diſcovered by the moſt negligent obſerver, that this world afforded to human underſtandings no proof of a diſtribution of happineſs or miſery, according to the deſerts of virtue or of wickedneſs; or according to the ſacred rules of reaſon and of juſtice. It was found, that men were often proſperous in their crimes, and diſtreſſed by their virtues; at leaſt, that good and bad men were promiſcuouſly happy and miſerable without diſtinction. And therefore, ſince truth and falſehood, benevolence and cruelty, ſeemed unalterably oppoſite; ſince the one ſeemed univerſally worthy of approbation, and the other unchangeably deteſtable; they could not but imagine, in every age, that a time would come, in which, practices ſo different in their natures, would differ likewiſe in their conſequences; and in which, thoſe

who had endeavoured to ſpread happineſs over human life, would be diſtinguiſhed by the univerſal Author of exiſtence from them, who had only laboured to deface his works, and to blaſt, with miſery and diſcontent, the being which his bounty has beſtowed.

As they ſaw the world wiſely made, they very reaſonably ſuppoſed it to be wiſely governed; and as they could not reconcile the appearance of the preſent ſtate with the idea they had formed of the wiſdom of the Creator, they concluded, and concluded with great juſtice, that they ſaw only part of his works; that the preſent ſtate was imperfect, and that there was another exiſtence neceſſary to complete the ſcheme of divine wiſdom.

There were ſome Philoſophers, men capable of the moſt abſtruſe ratiocination, who both embraced the ſame opinion, and alſo, with diligence and ſagacity, examined further into the nature of the ſoul; in which there appeared nothing common with corruptible and changeable matter, nothing which could involve it in the diſſolution of the body, or ſubject it to the ſame laws with an organical and compounded frame, of which, each part is ſubjected to external acci-

accidents, and of which, one particle wears out another by attrition, till the whole is conſumed by corruption. In contemplating the faculties of the mind, they found it able to perform more than the neceſſities of the preſent life require; able to comprehend a thouſand powers to which the body cannot attain, and form a thouſand wiſhes, which, thus entangled, it never can enjoy.

They perceived that it was always ſoaring beyond the ſenſes, and the appetites; therefore they could not imagine that the Creator, who in other inſtances has ſo exactly proportioned the means to the end, ſhould laviſh upon the mind of man ſuch ſuperfluous excellencies; ſhould create a being to deſire ſo much, and to obtain ſo little; whoſe performances are ſo inadequate to his conceptions; and of whom, one part ſhould know the imperfection of the other; and know it only to lament it; know it without hope of remedy, and feel it only to deſpair.

Theſe Philoſophers, by the mere light of reaſon, even without any aſſiſtance from, or knowledge of, revelation; by inquiring into the nature of the ſoul of man, diſcovered that it is a ſubſtance diſtinct from matter;

matter; and upon the moſt ſteady contemplation and inveſtigation of matter, they eſtabliſhed this truth; that as matter is incapable by any powers of its own, either of action or ſenſation, that therefore the ſoul is independent of the body, and therefore immaterial, and conſequently immortal. Here you ſee that natural religion alone proves beyond a doubt, the immortality of the ſoul, conſequently the abſurdity and folly of annihilation.

When I told you that I had heard from Mr. Jodrell, of your converſation with Dr. Brockleſby about annihilation; you ſaid, "that nothing could be more weak than any ſuch notion; that life was indeed a great thing; and that you meant nothing more by your preference of a ſtate of torment to a ſtate of annihilation, than to expreſs at what an immenſe value you rated vital exiſtence." Upon this part of the ſubject it is very neceſſary that you ſhould be preciſely exact, and very forcible.

But the reaſons above, as they could only be collected by the ſpeculative and the wiſe, could not exert ſufficient influence upon the generality of mankind.

It was therefore neceſſary that the doctrine of the immortality

immortality of the ſoul, and the reſurrection of the body, that it might influence all, ſhould be eſtabliſhed upon ſuch evidence, as all could underſtand; which might operate upon the paſſions as well as the judgment; which might be learned in infancy, and which in old age could not be forgotten.

Such evidence we have by an actual exemplification. He therefore, who taught the great doctrine of the reſurrection, has given an invincible atteſtation to its truth by riſing himſelf.

Our all-merciful Creator has made men free and moral agents; as ſuch he has ſent them into this world, into a ſtate of probation; ſuffers them to be maſters of themſelves, and reſtrains them only by coercions applied to their reaſon; by the hope of rewards, or the fear of puniſhments. But to prevent the ſin of ſuicide, a ſin that moſt oppoſes the deſigns and ſchemes of his providence, and the moſt heinous of all ſins in his ſight, our God omnipotent has applied every exertion of his almighty power; and by his preſcient care at our creation in framing, in mixing, and in uniting, in our nature, in our reaſon, and in our ſenſes, this firſt principle, this miraculous law of ſelf-preſervation, He, the

mighty Lord, hath taught us how offenſive in his ſight is the crime of ſelf-murder; a ſin certainly unpardonable, becauſe it ſeems impoſſible, if death be the inſtantaneous conſequence of the act, that it can be repented of; and by his miraculous care to prevent it we cannot but deduce this conviction, how outrageouſly they muſt offend him, who ſhall dare to deſert the ſtation in which their God has a right to place them.

I was once deſired by a Friend to give him my opinion of the crime of ſuicide. My anſwer was the argument above; and the effect of it was moſt amazing. He immediately turned pale; his lips were convulſed; and it was ſome time before he could recover himſelf. You have frequently, and very lately, reminded me of this occurrence.

The doctrine of the immortality of the ſoul is, doubtleſs, clear to our reaſon; and the doctrine of the reſurrection of the body ſufficiently evident for our faith; but the conſtitution of man is ſuch, that abſtruſe and intellectual truths cannot by any other means be ſo forcibly impreſſed upon our minds, as by ſenſible evidence; and it may be a ſpeculation worthy the chaſe and purſuit of men of the ſtrongeſt reaſoning,

and

and moſt clear intuitive powers, to examine for what wiſe cauſe or cauſes, our omniſcient Creator, who has already eſtabliſhed theſe doctrines by evidence ſo clear to our reaſon, and ſo ſufficient for our faith, ſhould refuſe to gratify our curioſity with ſuch lights to our ſenſes.

The laws, by which the propagation of our ſpecies is enforced, and our exiſtence continued, are the laws of ſenſe in a very eminent degree. And if our omniſcient God had given thoſe lights to our ſenſes to ſee farther by them beyond the grave, than he has permitted us, he could not but know how theſe lights muſt militate againſt thoſe firſt laws of nature; and that by the power of ſuch lights to our ſenſes the preſent conſtitution of the world muſt be deſtroyed, and infinite miſchief and inextricable confuſion be the conſequences.

By theſe lights, our faith, that faith which in our preſent ſtate of probation will be the teſt of our belief in God and our obedience to his laws, for which we ſhall be judged, condemned, or acquitted; that faith that hath ſaved thee, and by which we ſhall be juſtified: Luke vii. 50. that faith which hath ſubdued kingdoms, wrought righteouſneſs, obtained promiſes, ſtopped the

mouths of lions: Heb. xi. 33. that faith which our God has taught us; and by every impulſe of perſuaſion, and every inducement of privilege, and promiſe of bleſſings, hath impreſſed upon us, would be totally annihilated. St. Paul's definition of faith is, that faith is the ſubſtance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not ſeen: But by theſe lights things hoped for would be ſeen, and hope changed into certainty.

The ſhallow powers with which we are endued cannot foreſee, nor circumſcribe, the dreadful conſequences of thus overturning the omniſcient ſchemes of providence, and the grand and ſtupendous miracle of nature.

The temptations to the ſin of ſuicide muſt be infinitely multiplied, and the law of ſelf-preſervation to prevent it would become of little effect. The impatience of man under the preſſure of his common and daily afflictions muſt be infinitely magnified, and exiſtence (exiſtence in this world) muſt be intolerable to him, who ſees how the penitent thief, in one moment, is conveyed from the miſery of the croſs, to the felicities of Paradiſe; from a ſtate of the moſt agonizing torture, to a ſtate of bliſs, ſuch as eye hath

not

not ſeen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.

I have ſomewhere read, that whilſt an almoſt Chriſtian Philoſopher was deſcanting to his audience, on the immortality of the ſoul, and deſcribing, with all the warmth of a fine imagination, the pure and inexhauſtible ſource of intellectual pleaſures, to which it would be admitted, on being ſeparated from the body, ſome virtuous Youths were ſo tranſported with the idea, that they could hardly be reſtrained from laying violent hands upon themſelves, in order to anticipate thoſe ſupreme enjoyments, from which the immortal ſpirit was detained, by its preſent connection with groſs, unthinking matter—not conſidering that the ſocial duties of life were firſt to be diſcharged, and its various trials ſuſtained, ere the ſoul could be entitled to a bliſsful immortality.

The following tetraſtick of Callimachus is to the ſame purport.

Εἶπας, Ἥλιε χαῖρε, Κλεόμβροτος Ὠμβρακιώτης
Ἅλαδ' ἀφ' ὑψηλᾶς τείχεος εἰς Ἀΐδην,
Ἄξιον ἆδὲν ἰδὼν θανάτου κακὸν, ἀλλὰ Πλάτωνος
Ἓν τὸ περὶ ψυχῆς γραμμὶ' ἀναλεξάμενος.

Cleombrotus exclaim'd, " Farewell, O light !"
From the high tow'r then plung'd to Stygian night,
No ills he felt that urg'd the deſp'rate thought,
But wiſh'd to realize what Plato taught.

From hence you muſt obſerve, how nearly the force of reaſon in the Heathen Philoſophers equipoizes the powers of the law of ſelf-preſervation, and ſee, how infinite the wiſdom and mercy of our Creator is, in withholding from us any fuller preſcience of the bleſſed ſtate in the world to come; to enter upon which, nothing could prevent mankind from ſtorming the avenues and gates of death, but the grand obligation to a patient continuance in well doing, enjoined them by the Goſpel.

We have another very ſtupendous inſtance of our Creator's infinite preſcience and provident ſolicitude for the happineſs of mankind, by the covenant which our God eſtabliſhed between himſelf and man, from the foundation of the world. Since from the moment that man was created liable to ſin, from that ſame moment a remedy was prepared, and the propitiation offered by the Son was accepted. The Lamb was ſacrificed from the foundation of the world, and took place from the firſt formation of man. Here you ſee that the tender

mercy

mercy of God the Father, and God the Son, hath delivered the poſterity of him who broke the covenant, from the conſequences of his fault, and given us the means of grace and the hope of glory.—Upon the whole, I am for my part convinced, that the evidence which God has given to my reaſon, and by the Scriptures to my faith, is ſufficient and perfect; that God hath done all, and left nothing undone, that is neceſſary for our guidance in the ways which he hath ſet before us. We are in this world, as I before obſerved, in a ſtate of probation; and by our belief in God, and our obedience to his laws, we are to be tried, puniſhed, or rewarded. We are very certain (Acts xvii. 31.) that the Lord will judge the world, and (Proverbs xxxi. 9.) that he will judge righteouſly; that he does not require us to know what he has hid from us; and that he will puniſh us for the neglect or miſapplication of talents, and not for the want of them.

We know that the ſchemes of unerring providence cannot be improved or amended, either by adding new, or taking away the old lights; and with great truth and ſincerity I ſay, to God only wiſe be glory through Jeſus Chriſt for ever. Amen.

All

All the knowledge that we have of the reſurrection of the body we derive from the Scriptures; which, as it may give you much comfort, and me little trouble, I will extract for your conſideration.

In conſidering the doctrine of the reſurrection, we can only declare what is delivered in the holy Scriptures. It is not neceſſary, nor proper, to examine all the wild opinions which enthuſiaſm or folly have publiſhed to the world; or examine all the queſtions which preſumptuous curioſity, or ſubtilty, ill employed, have ventured to propoſe; queſtions, to which, ſince God has not been pleaſed to reſolve them, no anſwer can be given by human wiſdom. The Scriptures are written with pity to the infirmities of man, but with no indulgence to his pride; and they who will not humbly ſtop at thoſe limits which their Creator has ſet to their knowledge, are deſervedly left to wander in the labyrinths of endleſs intricacy, when they have forſaken the light of revelation, to wander after the illuſive meteors of fanciful conjectures.

It is indeed not neceſſary that man ſhould wholly reſtrain himſelf from ſearching into the government of God, even farther than God has expreſsly revealed it.

An inquiry into the general ſcheme of providence is ſurely a very noble and intereſting ſpeculation. But let ſuch inquiries be begun with humility, and conducted with piety. Let him that ſearches into the ways of God, remember the boundleſs diſparity between his intellectual powers, and the ſubject that employs them! And firſt, reſolving to reſt his ſoul upon the word of God, let him exert his reaſon with due ſubordination to his faith; let him ſearch with reverence, and aſſert with modeſty, and he may indulge his curioſity without a crime, and perhaps with ſome advantage both to others and himſelf.

But the diſcoveries of one man's reaſon will be ſometimes doubtful to the reaſon of another; and the utmoſt that any man can hope, is but to arrive at ingenious conjectures, which may gain applauſe; but the word of God alone can demand our faith. And in the word of God, though the vain inquirer may ſometimes fail of ſatisfaction, there will be found all that is neceſſary to comfort miſery, to repreſs pride, to reform corruption, and to encourage virtue. Though thoſe are condemned as fools who arrogantly aſk how are the dead raiſed, and with what bodies will they riſe; we are however told that this corruptible ſhall

put

put on incorruption, and this mortal ſhall put on immortality; and ſhewn that this change is poſſible, becauſe it has already been effected, for Chriſt is now riſen from the dead.

Theſe Scriptures farther inform us, that thoſe who at this great day ſhall be left alive, ſhall not die but be changed. From whence we may conclude, without much ſtraining for a conjecture, that this change will be from an earthly to an heavenly body, with which we are aſſured the dead ſhall ariſe.

In the Scriptures we have alſo ſufficient information to fill the heart with awe, to raiſe devotion to ecſtaſy, and turn our thoughts from the preſent life to the great day of total conſummation: That day in which death, the laſt enemy, ſhall be overcome; on which the trumpet ſhall ſound, and the univerſe, at the command of God, aſſume a new form, as it firſt aroſe, when the voice of creation ſummoned it to being. When thoſe who have long ſlept in the grave ſhall riſe again, and the ſea ſhall give up her dead; when all, from the eaſt and the weſt, and the north and the ſouth, ſhall be aſſembled together, and all the generations of men, from the firſt to the laſt day,

ſhall

ſhall ſtand ranged before the tribunal of all powerful juſtice. Then will that Jeſus who died to redeem us appear in the clouds, ſurrounded by the armies of heaven, and ſhining with the viſible ſplendors of divinity. Then will every one ſee the genuine and unmingled effects of vice and virtue. Thoſe who have paſſed their lives in charity and piety; who have loved God with all their might, and their neighbour as themſelves; who have clothed the naked, and whoſe houſes have been open to the deſtitute; who have prayed without ceaſing, have watched againſt temptation, and laboured to make themſelves perfect, even as their Father which is in heaven is perfect; ſhall appear before their judge with humble faith, and ſupport the day of the Lord with hopes of mercy. Then ſhall thoſe who have deſpiſed the threatenings of God, who have walked after their luſts, and known no other motive of action than the enjoyment of preſent vices; thoſe who have laid up treaſures by oppreſſion, and looked on miſery without pity; who have perſuaded themſelves to ſay there is no God, or have drawn near him with their lips, when their hearts were far from him; ſhall now feel thoſe terrors which luxury or pomp had formerly laid aſleep. They ſhall then find themſelves without refuge; the time paſt not to be recalled, and

the time to come inſuſceptible of change. They ſhall wiſh to fly from the ſight of omniſcience, and to withdraw themſelves from the preſence of infinity, and ſhall call upon the mountains to fall on them, and upon the rocks to cover them. But all wiſhes are now too late, the trial is now paſt, and the ſheep are ſevered from the goats, the wicked are for ever divided from the good. Thoſe that have done well enter with their Saviour into the kingdom of his Father, and they that have done wickedly are ſentenced to the everlaſting fire prepared for the Devil and his Angels.

I hope you will approve the part which I have done; and I have no doubt but that I ſhall be perfectly ſatisfied with your ſuperſtructure upon this foundation.

I am, my deareſt Sir,

Yours, &c.

JOHN TAYLOR.

The following Letters are ſelected from a great Number, which contain ſimilar Expreſſions of Friendſhip and Eſteem.

To the Rev. Dr. TAYLOR.*

DEAR SIR,

LET me have your company and your inſtruction. Do not live away from me; my diſtreſs is great.

I Pray deſire Mrs. Taylor to inform me what mourning I ſhould buy for my Mother and Miſs Porter, and bring a note in writing with you.

Remember me in your prayers; for vain is the help of man.

I am,

DEAR, SIR, &c.

March 18, 1752.

SAM. JOHNSON.

* On the death of Mrs. Johnſon.

DEAR SIR,

IT has pleaſed God, by a paralytick ſtroke, in the night, to deprive me of Speech.

I am very deſirous of Dr. Heberden's aſſiſtance, as I think my caſe is not paſt remedy. Let me ſee you as ſoon as it is poſſible. Bring Dr. Heberden with you, if you can; but come yourſelf at all events. I am glad you are ſo well, when I am ſo dreadfully attacked.

I think that by a ſpeedy application of ſtimulants much may be done. I queſtion if a vomit, vigorous and rough, would not rouſe the organs of ſpeech to action. As it is too early to ſend, I will try to recollect what I can that can be ſuſpected to have brought on this dreadful diſtreſs.

I have been accuſtomed to bleed frequently for an aſthmatic complaint; but have forborn for ſome time by Dr. Pepyſs's perſuaſion, who perceived my legs beginning to ſwell.

I ſometimes alleviate a painful, or more properly an oppreſſive conſtriction of my cheſt, by opiates, and have

lately taken opium frequently; but the laſt, or two laſt times in ſmaller quantities. My largeſt doſe is three grains, and laſt night I took but two.

You will ſuggeſt theſe things, and they are all that I can call to mind, to Dr. Heberden.

I am, &c.

June 17, 1783.

SAM. JOHNSON.

To the Rev. Dr. TAYLOR, *Aſhbourn, Derbyſhire.*

DEAR SIR,

WHAT can be the reaſon that I hear nothing from you? I hope nothing diſables you from writing. What I have ſeen, and what I have felt, gives me reaſon to fear every thing. Do not omit giving me the comfort of knowing that after all my loſſes I have yet a friend left.

I want every comfort. My life is very ſolitary and very cheerleſs. Though it has pleaſed God wonderfully to deliver me from the dropſy, I am yet very weak, and have not paſſed the door ſince the 13th of December.

December. I hope for ſome help from warm weather, which will ſurely come in time.

I could not have the conſent of the phyſicians to go to church yeſterday; I therefore received the holy ſacrament at home, in the room where I communicated with dear Mrs. Williams, a little before her death. O, my friend, the approach of death is very dreadful. I am afraid to think on that which I know I cannot avoid. It is vain to look round and round, for that help which cannot be had. Yet we hope and hope, and fancy that he who has lived to-day may live to-morrow. But let us learn to derive our hope only from God.

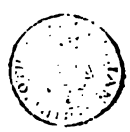
In the mean time, let us be kind to one another. I have no friend now living but you and Mr. Hector, that was the friend of my youth. Do not neglect,

DEAR SIR,

Yours affectionately,

London, Eaſter Monday,
April 12, 1784.

SAM. JOHNSON.



AN

ADDRESS

TO THE

MEMBERS OF CONVOCATION AT LARGE,

ON THE

PROPOSED NEW STATUTE RESPECTING

PUBLIC EXAMINATION,

IN THE

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

BY THE RECTOR OF LINCOLN COLLEGE.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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PUBLIC EXAMINATION.

TO THE

MEMBERS OF CONVOCATION

AT LARGE.

SEMPER EADEM!

AN UNIVERSITY is the seat of *Universal Learning* increasing and to be increased, from the nature of men and things, with the lapse of time: it is also the place of *Universal Teaching*, which is its first and most important duty. Its *Discipline* should, accordingly, be *adapted to the Increase or Advancement of Learning improving and to be improved according to the times;* otherwise it may occupy young-men in studies that are obsolete and in errors that are exploded; it should also be in the *Right or Initiative Method;* otherwise it will lead them *from* instead of *to* the Truth, into Sophistry instead of Science, in all parts of learning, and involve them in darkness and confusion.

These are, I trust, the true Principles upon which all University-Discipline should be founded; and upon which, from time to time, it should be improved; otherwise whatever alteration is made, though it be a change, it will be no *Improvement*. Upon these *General Principles* I now beg leave to examine the New Scheme of University Discipline, so far as relates to *The Public Examination*, (into which I understand the whole of our Public Discipline is to be resolved,) at this time submitted to your individual consideration, requesting that none of You will be unduly biassed by what I have to observe, nor by the influence of any other; but that each of You will think candidly and impartially in this most Important Concern, and act, without fear or favour, as, in your own judgment, will most contribute to the honour and advantage of this University, as

a Seat both of Universal Learning, and Universal Teaching: for to its internal Discipline, not to its external Splendor, every University owes its reputation and true celebrity; as the Advancement and Encouragement of sound Learning, of which all Discipline in every department should be the means, is the appropriate end for which Universities were founded and endowed.

Before the attempt at improvement, which was made by the New Statute of Examination about six years ago, the Old Aristotelian Discipline, which had been adopted by all the Universities of Europe in the dark ages, to which itself contributed as a principal cause, had, by the progress of learning as the world grew older, become in a great measure obsolete in this University, however cherished by the prejudice and prepossessions of a few, whose minds it had narrowed and contracted from an early age. Pursuing the *Wrong-Method* of science, instead of teaching the understanding how to search and find the Truth, it wedded it at once to a heap of antiquated Errors, which were confirmed and sanctioned by the public Authority of the Schools. Instead of opening and enlarging the mind of the Student, and leading him on by regular degrees in the successful road to Science, it put an extinguisher upon all rational investigation and real improvement, by employing all his time and talents in noisy *Disputations* about and about his wedded errors; gratifying his pride by the subtlety and dexterity of sophisticated reasonings, whilst it destroyed his relish for unadulterated truths: and giving him all the pomp of learning without any of its power. Such is the true character of the Aristotelian Discipline and the accomplished Schoolman, which at length became so glaring in an enlightened and enlightening age, that the Public Discipline of the Schools silently and gradually sunk into an Useless Form; and Colleges, of late years, have taken up a Private Discipline of their own, under which the University has, indeed, gone on; but only like a ship sailing under jury-masts.—The defect is great and obvious. The glory of an University must ever be its Public Discipline, which leads, controls, and animates the Private, and acts like the mainspring in a complicated machine.

From the chains or charms of this absurd and antiquated Discipline, which have holden Oxford in inglorious slavery for ages past, the genius of her sister University had the sagacity and the magnanimity virtually to break long time ago, exemplifying the truth of what has been advanced, That, in respect of Universities, Discipline is a thing of most Important Concern, on which their

public use and celebrity depend: for, in consequence of her superior Discipline, (I am now treading upon tender ground, but when the importance of the cause calls upon me, as in speaking the truth I seek the gratification of none, so it becomes me not to fear the offence of any,) that University, though little more than half the extent of ours, and not of half its splendor, has produced abler Mathematicians, abler Philosophers, greater Poets, and (forgive me, ye Sons of Oxford, if I now touch you to the quick) better Classics, than we have to boast: all which can only be attributed to her superior Discipline. There is, I know and lament, that evil-eyed jealousy between the Sister-Universities, that the sons of the one cannot bear to hear the praises of the other. I must, however beg a truce with that jealousy for a moment, whilst, in proof of the superiority of Cambridge in Mathematics, Philosophy, and Poetry, the most important branches of human learning, relating to the *theoretic* and *poetic* Mind, (for, since the Gospel, with the instruction of the *practic* Mind men have no concern,) I give the names of a Bacon, a Newton, and a Milton; which three names alone eclipse all the fame of Oxford as an University, from the days of Alfred to the present hour: and if Classics be your boast, (a thing, philosophically viewed, of inferior consideration,) I can only say, that though I have known Oxford more than thirty years, I never met with one in all this large University, in point of a thorough grammatical, philological, and critical knowledge of the Latin and Greek tongues, especially the latter, at all to be compared with the man out of whose hands I first came hither—the late Rev. Dr. Bateman, Master of Sedbergh School, who had been a Fellow of St. John's, in Cambridge: and this small tribute I pay, as an act of no less justice than gratitude, to the memory of that celebrated Grecian. But here I stop. I will not now descend to the names of living characters, who, if a comparison were made, would prove no way inferior to the best Classics this University can produce.

These remarks I am compelled to make, however invidious they may seem; because, on the present as well as on a former occasion, I thought and suggested, that the Cambridge Discipline, so far as Examination goes, was a fit model, from its success in the effect, not indeed to be servilely and exactly adopted, but to be improved upon: for as science improves, every literary institution is capable of improvement. On both occasions, however, others, in the pride of their learning, seemed to spurn. They seemed to think it an act of magnanimity to reject at once whatever smelt of Cambridge. I, on the contrary, happened to think it an act of pusillanimity; and that the true magna-

nimity would have been to have said, "Sister University, we have both the "same Church, and the same King; and, all jealousy extinct, we will serve "them both, hand in hand, as sisters ought to do: give us leave to take a plan "of your Discipline, a thing so essential to our well-being, and we will make it "better if we can; and if we have any thing to offer you in return, you shall be "heartily welcome to it."

One scheme of Public Examination fabricated in contempt of all such example, has proved abortive in practice, as might easily have been foreseen, having met, in the midst of the many honours it affected to confer, with that contempt from all the best qualified and most distinguishing young men, which it so well deserved. At length, another scheme is proposed and submitted to the consideration, and, I hope, not to the consideration only, but to the rejection, of the Members of Convocation at large, who are the Body Corporate, if it appear inadequate to the great purpose of Academical Discipline, and unworthy of adoption, as the former has proved to be. From the first paragraph of this proposed Statute, which respects Candidates in Civil Law as well as in Arts coupled with the third, which repeals the whole of the last new statute of 1800, it appears that this New Examination is to be the only Academical Examination, and is also to comprise, as I am informed and have observed, the *whole* Public Discipline of the University. It is, therefore, in every point of view, a *Momentous Concern.* It is what the Public at large will look up to, and to which all other Universities will look up, as to the test and criterion of our Academical worth. Such a Scheme of Public Examination surely then demands discussion before it merit adoption: and I will discuss it upon the Principles of sound Discipline, with which I opened this Address; passing over the first and second Sections without a comment, to the third *De Formâ et Modo* EXAMINATIONIS.

The first subjects of Examination are THE GREEK AND LATIN TONGUES, classed under the head of LITERÆ HUMANIORES. Beside their intimate connexion with the Religion we profess, these Languages are the doors into the gardens of Greece and Rome, replete with vast historical resources, and with those monuments of *Taste* and *Elegance* which have never been yet improved, and therefore still remain as standing models for study and cultivation. Not so the Philosophy they contain. That they are most proper subjects of Academical cultivation will be allowed by all: but that they are not, the former especially more rudimentally and grammatically taught, that is, in the only *Right*

Method, according to the Principle laid down, in which they can be successfully learnt, is a truth which has been much and long regretted by some few individuals. These two Learned Languages, especially the latter, lie at the root of the Clerical Profession: and when we consider that two thirds of the Students of this University are Clerical, bred up to fill the Ministerial Offices of the Church, these Languages are not only proper subjects of Academical Discipline, but by that Discipline should be *well* and *soundly* taught. Although classical learning may be our boast, the Greek tongue, the most perfect, comprehensive, and, for a special cause, the most important of all tongues, is in general ungrammatically learnt, ill read, and worse understood, and construed solely by the help of Latin or English translations.—And yet, behold, in this New Scheme of Examination, by which the knowledge of these Languages ought to be well proved, GRAMMAR, which the Ancient Grecians studied and cultivated with peculiar acumen and success, is, for the first time, *totally omitted!!*

RHETORIC, which used always to be coupled with Grammar, though of inferior consideration, has, however, shared a better fate. It comes coupled with Moral Philosophy, to which it has little relation, and classed under the same indiscriminating head of LITERÆ HUMANIORES, and is to be a subject of Examination, "quatenus a scriptoribus veteribus derivanda sit." As the Ancient Greeks made RHETORIC their peculiar study as well as Grammar, and possessed a living Language, as well as Poets and Orators in that language, never yet excelled or equalled in any of the succeeding or later ages, the Ancient Rhetoricians have never been improved upon by those of modern times; so that, without violating the Principle laid down, the Youth of any University may, at the present day, be sent to Aristotle and other Ancients to learn their Rhetoric with full propriety. But in regard to *Moral Philosophy*, which, though coupled with it and classed under the same head, as it is, philosophically considered, quite a different thing, the case is widely different.

But before I come to the consideration of this most important part of Academical Education, I beg leave to remark, That, though this New Form of a Statute sets out with these promising expressions: "Cum Antiquus examinandi "mos *hisce temporibus* minime accommodatus sit, decrevit haud ita pridem Aca"demia—*novam* formam EXAMINATIONIS instituendam, in qua cum nonnulla "jam agnoscimus in melius mutari posse, visum est Academiæ rem totam *ab*

"*integro* refingere," it turns out, as its ill-fated predecessor did before it, to be a thing, in all the most important parts, patched and tinkered up out of the rubbish of the Old Discipline of the Schools, without any regard whatever to the Advancement of Learning and Knowledge of *these present times*. As a signal proof of the truth of this remark I produce the following words: "Instituatur "examen in LITERIS HUMANIORIBUS per quas intelligimus non tantum Lin- "guas Græcam et Romanam, sed et Rhetoricam quoque et Moralem Philoso- "phiam, quatenus a *Scriptoribus veteribus* derivandæ sint."—And, what then: Has there been no improvement in MORAL PHILOSOPHY since the days of Aristotle and the Ancients, as is the case with Rhetoric?——Surely there cannot be a plainer proof that the Framers of this New Form of a Statute, whoever they may be, are doughty Schoolmen, disciples and slaves of Aristotle and the Ancients, blind to all Improvement, and bigotted to Antiquity!!! If there has been no Improvement in this most Important Science since the age of Aristotle and the Ancient Writers, I submit at once to the lofty genius and distinguishing learning of these able Schoolmen. There is but one Moral Governor in the Universe, and but one species of Moral Agents with which we are concerned, and unless, in the profundity of their wisdom, they can find out Two different Moral Philosophies, I must beg leave to tell them, That the Old Moral Philosophy of Aristotle, Cicero, or Epictetus, however admirable in their days, is at this day not worth a louse.—I cannot speak too contemptuously of it, when it is preferred before, or put in competition with, the NEW LAW of ONE who was the Appointed Mediator between the Moral Governor and all his Moral Agents, who came possessed of all knowledge, and vested with all power, to teach Moral Philosophy to this lower world, who abrogated all the Old, except what was sanctioned by divine, which was his own, authority, and left his New Philosophy to all future ages, *incapable* of addition or improvement.

The CHRISTIAN RELIGION and the GOSPELS are, indeed, an indispensable article of Examination: but as *Moral Philosophy* is made a *separate Article* and directed to be learned from Ancient Authors, the Christian part can only be understood to apply to the *Historical* and *Doctrinal*, not to the Moral, part of that Religion: and, indeed, sufficient will it be, for the short time allotted to each Candidate, to be examined in these parts of Theology with *the Articles of Religion*, without going over *Morality* a second time.

After such a divine correction and transcendent advancement of the Moral Law, how preposterously absurd—how much worse than absurd is it, to send the

Youth of a Christian University, in the nineteenth century, to learn their Moral Philosophy from Aristotle, that uncircumcized and unbaptized Philistine of the Schools? Is not this to prefer the errors of Paganism to the oracles of Wisdom and Truth? Nothing can account for this absurdity but a weak and blind adherence to the Old School-Discipline, built in the dark ages upon a dark and false foundation. The Giver of this Moral Law was "the Light" as well as "the "Life:" and since this "Light, which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the "world" as a Moral Agent, hath illumined that world for many ages, never surely was the observation of the Beloved Apostle and Evangelist more signally verified, or the severe rebuke which it contains more justly applied, than in this famous University at this very hour: "And the Light shined in Darkness, and the "Darkness comprehended it not."

In palliation of this gross and glaring absurdity, it may be pretended, indeed, That a veneration is due to the works of Antiquity for *Antiquity's* sake. This is all a delusion: for, as Bacon somewhere observes, the time of Aristotle was the real minority, and the present age is the real seniority or *Antiquity*, of the world; and, therefore, that veneration ought, in truth, to be due to the *Present Times*, that is, to the Advancement of Knowledge in the present times. And it may be further pretended, That the Youth of the University should read the Moral Philosophy of Aristotle and the Ancients, in order that they may admire the lucid system in which it is disposed, and imitate the concise didactic style in which it is delivered: but we are not speaking of *Disposition* or *Style*, however worthy of imitation; we are speaking of Moral Philosophy as a science, which is a *practical* thing of the last importance to the happiness of man: and is there no danger, I ask, to the Moral Principle, a thing of the most delicate nature, the most easy to be warped, and when once warped the most difficult to be corrected, in sending the Youth of an University, with their waxen minds, to learn their morality from the unprincipled and imperfect systems of Antiquity, which comparatively may be called, The follies of Paganism?—But this is all a shuffle: for, Why is not the *Natural Philosophy* of the Peripatetic, in which there is no danger to the Moral Principle, to be made the subject of Academical Studies, by the same rule, as well as the Moral: for within these two hundred years the Physics of Aristotle were considered as the crown of all his works? "Ut vero in omni Philosophiæ parte excelluit Aristoteles, sic *maxime* in "*Physica*, unde dictus est *Naturæ Genius*; non enim accurate tantum sed uber-"rime res naturales exposuit, principia, causas, proprietates, partes, speciesque

"omnes explicando." These are the words of Duval, to whose Edition with the Latin translations there given, all the Schoolmen of late years have been originally indebted for all they knew or know of Aristotle.

Again I repeat the question: Why, by the same rule, and under this higher recommendation, are not the Physics of the Stagyrite to be made a subject of Academical Education, as well as his Ethics?—Is it not that a Bacon and a Newton of *Modern Times* have made these Schoolmen actually ashamed of the idol of their *Antiquity*, whom they have so long and devoutly worshipped?—And, what! Shall the Natural Philosophy of these men, however great, make them ashamed of the Natural Philosophy of their master Aristotle?—And shall not the Moral Philosophy of HIM who was greater than the greatest of men, not make them still more ashamed of a false Philosophy of infinitely more concern to the happiness of man!!!

But I will leave it to others to reconcile this glaring inconsistency, whilst I ask another question which may justly astonish all that hear it: Why, in this wonderous scheme of Public Examination, is NATURAL PHILOSOPHY the Queen of all Theoretic Science, one of the fittest subjects of Academical Education, *totally omitted?*—Is it, because these sagacious Schoolmen, being at last ashamed of the Ancient Physics of their master of the Lycæum, in the pride of their *Antiquity*, disdain the Natural Philosophy of *Modern Times*, however extended and improved?—What a bigotry to *Antiquity* falsely understood!! Or: Is it not more truly, because it owes its vast extension and improvement principally to those illustrious moderns, a Bacon and a Newton, who were *Cambridge-men?* When, in the name of Apollo and all the Muses, shall we see an end of that pusillanimous jealousy which disgraces the Scholar and Philosopher!!!

At length, Ye doughty champions of the Schools, Darii, Ferio, Baralipton, puzzled and involved in Mood and Figure, and fascinated with the charms of ancient lore, I greet you well: for I am now coming, in course, to contemplate the beauty of your *Dear* DIALECTICA, the undoubted child of Aristotle, on whom ye and your learned predecessors have doted for many ages, on whom ye have wasted all your time and talents, and studied yourselves blind, and on whom ye continue in this nineteenth century to dote on still, "cujus *præcipuam* SEMPER "*rationem* haberi volumus." Although ye have deigned to class your Beloved

under the common undistinguishing chapter of LITERÆ HUMANIORES, with other parts of learning, (for, after all your doting upon her, this adept in all learning has not yet, it seems, been able to teach you the philosophical distinction and division of Science,) ye have taken special care to exalt her above them all, by making her of more general request, of more indispensable necessity, and of more Academical importance, than any or all the others. "Cæterum quod "ad LITERAS HUMANIORES ET MATHEMATICARUM SCIENTIARUM "ELEMENTA attinet, Examinatoribus liberum esto quemlibet Candidatum vel "in hisce universis, vel in *aliquâ parte* horum (prout ipsis satius visum fuerit) "examinare; modo ut Dialecticæ SEMPER ratio habeatur." When I see in this New Scheme of Examination this Dialectica thus exalted above all other parts of human learning, and made more indispensable than the Greek and Latin Tongues, than Rhetoric, than Moral Philosophy, and Mathematics (for Natural Philosophy is unworthy to be so much as named); and when I see it raised almost upon a level with the Christian Religion, and treated in the same terms, "Adhibentor SEMPER S. S. Evangelia Græca, *eâ tamen lege* "*qua* supra in Dialectica Aristoteles," I may surely be permitted to inquire, What this SEMPER Dialectica is, which ye so honour and distinguish above all other parts of Human learning, and which ye make equally indispensable with Divine? but which ye love and extol much more than ye seem to understand; for with all men that dote, Omne ignotum pro magnifico. I am not to be told in answer, as I have been, that it does not particularly mean *Aristotle's Logic*, nor *this Logic*, nor *that Logic*, but *any Logic*. Alas! what a wretched shift! That it does not mean the Logic of the Novum Organum of Bacon was made clear: for that was, when proposed, Pro Tempora! or rather Pro Ignorantia Temporum! formally and unanimously rejected.—It must mean the Logic of Aristotle, which ye can neither deny nor disguise, for these words, "Aristoteles tanquam Dialecticæ Magister," and "in Dialectica Aristoteles," p. 6. will betray you. This is then *the Old Logic of the Schools* SEMPER EADEM, Sophistry under the semblance of Science, rendered totally obsolete and useless by the Advancement and Progress of Learning in Modern Times.—And here we have another signal and illustrious proof, that this New Form of an University-Statute, which affects, in the outset, to accommodate itself to the state of learning *of the present times*, is only a thing patched and tinkered up out of the rusty and cankered materials of the Old Scholastic Discipline.

However, as this Dialectica is to be made of such special consequence in the New Examination, and is a thing of such inestimable worth, I will ask you again, What it is? and Where it is to be found? in order that the Youth of this University, future candidates for the distinguishing honours of the *First Class*, to obtain which, whatever may become of all the other parts of human learning, it is made indispensably necessary, may distinctly know where to apply for the acquisition of such a high and important accomplishment. Does it extend to the whole of the Organon of Aristotle, including the Isagoge of Porphyry? or is it confined to that part only to which it is more *particularly* applied by the master and inventor of this Dialectic art?—Doubtless, it must mean the whole Organon; for I humbly beg leave to inform you, That without a knowledge of the Syllogism as delivered in the *Analytics*, the Syllogism of the *Topics* cannot be understood.

And now, Ye generous Youths, emulous, as ye ought to be, of Academical honours, I will just give you a glimpse of the pleasant and delightful task ye are expected to perform, and of the way bestrewed all over with fruits and flowers over which ye are to pass in wooing the Fair and Accomplished Dialectica, who, when securely won, can alone exalt you to those envied honours. I will begin with the *Isagoge* de quinque Vocibus, written by Porphyry the Apostate as an Introduction to this great work of Aristotle, (alas, poor Porphyry, had he never puzzled his brain in the Organon of Aristotle, he would most probably have ended as he begun, and died a Christian!) and for many ages considered as a part of it, consisting of one Book of eighteen Chapters. Next come the *Categories*, which are not properly Aristotle's, but taken by him from the Pythagorean School, consisting of one Book containing fifteen Chapters. After this comes the Book *On Interpretation*, divided into fourteen Chapters. Next come the *Prior Analytics*, in two Books, the first containing forty-six Chapters, and the second twenty-seven. Next are the *Posterior Analytics*, consisting of two Books, the first divided into thirty-four Chapters, and the second into nineteen. Afterwards eight Books of *Topics*, the first containing eighteen Chapters; the second eleven; the third six; the fourth six; the fifth nine; the sixth fourteen; the seventh five; and the eighth fourteen. At last come the *Sophistical Elenchs*; one Book containing thirty-four Chapters.—Forming altogether a part of what are called the *Acroamatic* works of Aristotle, written in a style more abstruse than his other works, and difficult to be understood unless explained in a vivâ voce conversation, for which they were designed. This most easy and delightful task will find your Academical hours

full employment for four of the most useful years of your lives for all the purposes of learning. In the Book of Categories, and in that on Interpretation, there is indeed much refined Metaphysics, and original Philology deserving the admiration of every age; but these studies are much too difficult and abstracted for younger minds. If, however, ye are ambitious of Academical honours, ye must neglect all the Sciences, and discard all the Muses, and the Graces too, in order to pay unremitting devotion to this crabbed Old Hag, which, by leading you on in the *Wrong* instead of the *Right Method* of study, will conduct you *from* instead of *to* the Truth, and leave you, in the sportman's phrase, *hunting the heel* all your lives. If these four valuable years are to be thus devoted to this Logic, all the opening powers and faculties of your minds will be cramped and stinted in their growth, at that most critical time, the spring of your lives, in which they are most capable of extension and enlargement. The native sense, with which ye are gifted, this Logic will pervert. The native powers of reasoning, with which ye are endowed, it will defeat. Instead of opening the way to, and furthering your progress in, the other parts of learning, it will throw a damp upon all genius in invention and vigour in pursuit, and keep you puzzling in errors and groping in darkness all your days. "Logica quæ in usu est," says the Author of the Novum Organum, "ad errores stabiliendos et figendos valet, potius quam ad inqui-"sitionem Veritatis; ut magis sit damnosa quam utilis."—And when, after your four-years' labour in studying Dialectica is crowned with the desired success in ranking your names, though only *alphabetically*, in the *First Class*, well may ye deserve to be pronounced *Egregie*, for, doubtless, ye will prove *Egregious Blockheads*, unqualified to cope with Art or Science, and unprepared for the study of the Learned Faculties.

Of all the studies and labours of Aristotle, who has not in this University a more willing admirer than myself as an Author who lived more than two thousand year ago, he succeeded the worst in his *Physics* and *Dialectics*, and for this plain reason; Because in these two parts of learning he had the misfortune to pursue the *Wrong* instead of the *Right* Method—the *Synthetic* instead of the *Analytic:* "Methodus," says his Editor Duval, "est recta ratio rerum considerandarum et tractandarum; alia Synthe-"tica, quæ observatur in Physica et Dialectica; alia Analytica Syntheticæ oppo-"sita." This fundamental error of the Peripatetic, which had escaped the eyes of the learned for many ages, was found out at once by the superior acumen of Bacon, who, in his *New Organ*, pursued the opposite or *Analytic Method*, and

which he recommended with success, as the event has fully proved, to all sound philosophers. Thus the two Logics are the reverse of each other. The Old is the high-road *from* the Temple of Truth, which Aristotle locked and left behind him: The New is the high-road *to* that Temple, which Bacon, after many ages of darkness, opened again; and whither he invited all true philosophers to follow him in the Advancement of Learning and Science increasing and to be increased to the end of time.

After this short view of Dialectica which is made so indispensable on all occasions in this New Examination, it is pleasant to read these soft and indulgent words: "Nihil enim triste aut asperum molimur. Lenitati ubique consultum volumus, modo, ne ea sit quæ Juniorum socordiæ patrocinari videatur." Though this University may have been hitherto famed for idleness, after having trod the dark and dreary waste again and again of these seven Books of the Organon; truly, O Florentissimi Juvenes! ye will have found little time for indulgence in the lap of Socordia: for every step to your sorrow will prove *triste* et *asperum*, and many a weary step will ye be obliged to take; and, still more to your sorrow will it turn, when ye find that dark and dreary road leading you at last into the Class of Blockheads.

Perhaps it may be said, That it is not intended the Candidates for an Academical Degree shall read Aristotle himself (though the contrary is plainly implied in the sixth page): they may learn his Logic from his Commentators.—What, from Smiglecius, Burgersdicius, and others much more voluminous and obscure than himself? for wherever he is dark, they have taken care, by their long-winded comments, to darken him the more. But when the Author of an Art or Science is in being, as this part of the works of Aristotle is, it is unworthy the learning, and beneath the dignity, of an University to suffer its members to draw the waters from any other source than the spring itself, and servilely to take them up after they have been polluted by the fingers of Commentators: Or, perhaps it may be said, That they may learn their Logic, as the Framers of this Statute seem to have done themselves, from some paltry and imperfect Compend. —And will not this miserable shift soon bring back the Schools to the *wretched Schemes* of the Old Examination?

Although, involved in the admiration of their Dear Dialectica, and longing after the charms of their Old Disputations, as the Israelites did after the flesh-pots they had left behind, these high-trained Schoolmen totally forgot the Queen

of Sciences Natural Philosophy, they have condescended, in the abundance of their grace, to entertain her sister and useful handmaid MATHEMATIC SCIENCE, not, indeed, in their best room along with their accomplished Dialectica and their other more honoured guests of the LITERÆ HUMANIORES, but in a side-apartment by herself alone; as they would do a vulgar mechanic with his rule and compass in his hand: for, in the first place, they do not admit her into their sublime and mystic class of the LITERÆ HUMANIORES, and, lastly, they have taken care to exclude so mean and ignoble a thing from all share in the high and distinguishing honours they have to give; paying her, indeed, a sort of bye-compliment with a "*proculdubio*," which is worse than none. Alas! poor solitary and neglected Mathematic! Considering thy Antiquity, for which, for their own consistency, they should have paid thee more respect, and considering all the good services thou hast performed for Society in all its departments civil and mercantile, and for Science in all its branches, thou wilt be but scurvily treated by an University that boasts herself the richest and the most splendid in the world. But, be of good cheer. I'll tell thee the cause. Jealousy is the cause. We do not like thee here at Oxford, because thou hast heaped thy honours upon the head of our rival Cambridge, and because she caresses thee in return.——How long, Ye Oxonians, is this green-eyed jealousy to strike us blind!

In framing a plan of Public Examination which should lead the young Student to the prosecution of those studies which will aid and assist in making him a scholar, such subjects and sciences should be adopted before all others, as are best calculated to strengthen his undertanding, to inure him to the habit of thinking, and to lead him steadily on in the clearest way to truth. The MATHEMATICS are peculiarly calculated, above all other studies, for this most important Academical end; and, though they are not a praxis or exemplar of Universal Reasoning, as some very learned men have erroneously thought, in the category of *Quantity* to which they are confined, they are all Light through every stage of their progression, and formed, above every other pursuit, to keep the mind of the young Student *clear* and *correct*, and to habituate it to *attention*, enabling him to pursue a chain of reasoning with a clear and elegant *precision* through every link, however extended it may be. Such, independently of their vast use in their application to other Sciences, is the true glory of Mathematics as an *Initiating* Science: and the sagacious Framers of the Form of Examination now before us are surely smatterers in the *First Philosophy*, that of *Mind*; (for I find not a word of *Me-*

taphysics or the Philosophy of Mind, any more than of Physics the Philosophy of Body;) otherwise jealousy itself could not have so totally blinded them to the Academical use and importance of this luminous Science: and, had they not been hood-winked by the love of their Dear Dialectica which is all Darkness, calculated at every step to puzzle and confound the juvenile understanding, leading it into error and leaving it in confusion, as it had done their own; they would have discarded the Old Logic and substituted Mathematics in its room, as a leading and honourable subject of Public Examination.

Thus, to say nothing of the astonishing feats of this justly celebrated Science, in its application to the Qualities, Motions, and Affections of Physical Body, and in all its higher advances; had they only understood its nature and use merely as an *Initiating Exercise* of the *Mind*, they would not have so neglected and dishonoured that branch of Learning, which, philosophically speaking, is exclusively intitled to the name of SCIENCE.——But, perhaps, according to their own private and exalted views, they may be right in insulting this luminous Science, and excluding her from all share in the honours of Their First and most distinguished Class: for a spice of the Mathematics, by their cathartic power, might so far clear the muddy brains of those whom, in the profundity of their wisdom, they destine for it, as to prevent them from becoming those consummate and accomplished Blockheads their Beloved Dialectica will, otherwise, be sure to make them--for it is SEMPER Dialectica; Dialectica here, and Dialectica there, and Dialectica every where.

Upon the whole: this Form of a New Statute of Examination is the most extraordinary production that has yet distinguished, or that, I hope, will ever distinguish, the Nineteenth Century; brought forth, in this age of wonders, to astonish the whole learned and enlightened world! It can never have been the effort of one man: it must be the result of the joint and lengthened labours of a constellation of men of the most lofty genius and profoundest learning!! Their master Aristotle himself, with Plato and Pythagoras at each elbow, would have been totally unequal to so sublime a task!!! Upon a review of the whole performance—Whether I consider the total omission of *Grammar*, whose rules and rudiments it disdains—or Whether I contemplate its *Moral Philosophy*, which, from Aristotle and the Ancients, looks down with a dignified contempt upon all later improvements in Morality, however Divine and all-perfect they may be—

When I consider its loving attachment to, and its perpetual veneration for, all the dirt and darkness of the *Old-School-Logic*—When I view, with astonishment, its total omission of that *Natural Philosophy* which hath befriended and enlightened all the later ages of the world—And, when I consider its treatment of *Mathematic Science* inshrined in a circle of light, with that neglect, which a thing so mean and servile so eminently deserves—I am lost in sublime amazement: And, after this wonderful phenomenon now before me has been erected into an University-Statute, and made of permanent use, I have only to request that one thing more may be done to crown and complete the whole into a stupendous monument of perfection and glory, namely: That the old University-Motto, DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA, may be changed for one which will be more appropriate to its character, and more worthy of its renown, ARISTOTELES TENEBRÆ MEÆ.

There are other things in the paper now before me, in my mind of inferior consideration, to which others may, however, find reasonable objections: namely, if the Form proposed should pass into a Statute, and not prove abortive in practice like the last: In this great Academical concern, in which the fame and fortune of numbers may be eventually involved, it may be well objected, That so important a decision of the relative merit of the Candidates should be trusted to *four* men, without any check upon them; and in case of a difference of opinion, to *three*, and possibly to *two* only, which *two* may be in the nomination of *one*, viz. The Vicechancellor. For as to the caution, so formally and solemnly introduced, that the Nomination shall first be signified in Congregation—then voted by the Regents in another Congregation—then, after three days, approved or disapproved in Convocation—all this, however fine upon paper, will prove mere moonshine in practice. These very Formalities themselves will defeat the intention, if intention there be any. In regard to University-Preaching, we see the Members of Convocation in general excluded from the pulpit of St. Mary's, and the money drawn out of their pockets to pay others of special appointment: and may we not expect the same mercenary game to be played in University-Examination?

In regard to the schedule of the *Three Classes*, and particularly in regard to the *First Class*, there may be different opinions. As to myself, who think, both from the whole detail of this New Form, and particularly from that clause in the ninth page, "Cæterum hæc Candidatorum secundum merita distributio ad

" profectum in LITERIS HUMANIORIBUS *præcipue*, in prima vero classe *unice* " spectare intelligenda est," of which Literæ Humaniores Dialectica is made the principal and most necessary part SEMPER et ubique, that there can be no real honour attaching to the First Class, to me it is a matter of total indifference, whether the names of the Candidates be placed in *Alphabetical* order or otherwise. Perhaps it may be the wisest way to shuffle the inglorious herd all together into one mixed and indiscriminate fold.

But the whole is a mere *Ignis Fatuus* to amuse and mislead the world, and to persuade it, That we are *doing something* here at Oxford, though we know not How.

These observations upon the Form of a *New Statute On Examination* submitted at this time to Your mature consideration, without knowing or suspecting who its particular Framers are, I beg leave to submit, with all due respect and deference, to The Members of Convocation at large, with a special request, that Ye will honour them with a careful and candid perusal; and in the humble hope, that they may somewhat assist your impartial judgment in deciding for Yourselves in so Public and Important a Concern. Let us all recollect, that the Statutes respecting the Aristotelian Discipline, and the School-Disputations, however false and useless they may be, though obsolete are yet unrepealed: and, before we erect this miserable Form into a Statute and make it perpetual, let us be specially aware, lest it be a trap or pit-fall laid in our way, to bring us back again under the slavish dominion of the old Idol of the Schools, who has been, in all ages, the greatest obstacle to the Improvement of Learning, the greatest obscurer of the Light of the Gospel, and the greatest enemy to the Purity of the Christian Faith.

The Framers of the Scheme before me, whoever they may be, (for one would think that they were Schoolmen who lived more than two hundred years ago, ignorant of all that has passed in the literary world ever since,) appear in all respects so totally unequal to the task they have undertaken—the Improvement or Reform of Academical Discipline; their absurdities are so gross; their inconsistencies so glaring; their prejudices so palpable; and their omissions so strange; that, in perusing so extraordinary a production at the present day, I could not, I confess, preserve that seriousness which so important a matter so imperiously demands. For this I crave Your pardon. I am a plain man, devoid of cere-

mony, blunt in my manner, and abrupt in my expression; incapable of disguising my sentiments, and apt to give them just as they arise upon every subject, whatever they may be. My Family-Motto is VERITATEM: and it is my native infirmity, That as I think, so must I speak.

Before I conclude, I must call the particular attention of the Learned Body whom I now address to One Important Observation.—The Reformation of Religion is the most glorious epoch of our History. To nothing but the dark ages, increased by the sophistical pedantry of the Aristotelian Discipline in the Universities of Europe, which was continued for the purpose of affording a cloak to Popish Tyranny and Imposition by its eternal round of puzzle in Mood and Figure, were the power and superstition of Papal Rome indebted for their long continuance: for to their Universities, the appointed Seats of Learning, Nations, employed in other pursuits, naturally looked up as to their guides in religious matters; which, being blinded themselves by a blind Logic, led them into the depths of error and superstition; exemplifying the truth of the inspired aphorism, "If therefore thine eye—the light that is in thee, be darkness, how great "is that darkness." Now, though we glory in our Reformation from Popery, the Aristotelian Discipline its old friend and help-mate, however obsolete, remains to this day *unreformed* in this University. This may be a paradox; but it is no less strange than true: for our Public Discipline has not undergone a thorough revisal and repair for some *Hundred Years*. Whenever, therefore, this Great Work is undertaken, it should be done *solemnly*, *seriously*, and *effectually*; in order that a REFORMATION of the *Public Discipline* of this University may be made a fit counterpart worthy of the REFORMATION of the *Public Religion* of the Land: and that, not by Schoolmen with the pomp of Learning without its power, but by Scholars *able* and *equal to* the Important Task.

A bad Reform is worse than none. Better, much better, had we been under the Public Discipline which obtained before the Statute of 1800, however faulty: for that, having become *obsolete*, was much as a Dead Letter, and the Private Discipline of Colleges in some degree supplied its place. But, if this projected Statute should unfortunately take effect, the Public Discipline will either be despised, or else thrown back from the present State and Advancement of Learning into all the Darkness of the dark ages past.

CONVOCATION is the *dernier résort*, in which all power ultimately resides. This is the most *Important Concern* upon which ye can deliberate, and which ye can determine by your Votes: and, unless ye exert yourselves on this great occasion, not as Schoolmen, but as Scholars, with that spirit and independence which become you—The Cambridge-men will tell us—The Universities of Dublin and Scotland will tell us—The very Dissenting Academies will tell us—and tell us truly: That we are *Dotards* in Learning, and *Drivellers* in Science.

EDWARD TATHAM.

FROM THE RECTORY OF LINCOLN COLLEGE.

Jan. 23, 1807.

Printed by Nathaniel Bliss, Oxford.

A

SERMON,

PREACHED ON THE LATE FAST DAY,

Wednesday, Oct. 19, 1803,

AT THE PARISH CHURCH OF HATTON, WARWICKSHIRE,

BY SAMUEL PARR, L.L.D.

ὦ παῖδες Ἑλλήνων ἴτε,
ἐλευθεροῦτε πατρίδ', ἐλευθεροῦτε δὲ
παῖδας, γυναῖκας, θεῶν τε πατρώων ἕδη,
θήκας τε Προγόνων· νῦν ὑπὲρ πάντων ἀγών.

Æschyli. Persæ.

LONDON,
PRINTED FOR J. MAWMAN, No. 22, POULTRY,
BY J. BELCHER, BIRMINGHAM.

1804.

TO MY RIGHT REVEREND AND WORTHY DIOCESANS,

George, Lord Bishop of Lincoln,

AND

Spencer, Lord Bishop of Peterborough,

THE FOLLOWING SERMON

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY THEIR LORDSHIPS FAITHFUL WELL-WISHER,

AND OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

SAMUEL PARR.

December 16,
1803.

Corrections. Page 1, l. 6, for *no*, read *not*.—P. 18, line 15 from the bottom, read *to* after *appointed*.—P. 19, l. 28, for *whatever*, read *whatsoever*.—P. 21, l. 11, after *arisen*, add *in various parts of Europe*.—P. 23. l. 7, read *to* before *the existence*.—P. 23, l. 12, for *papists*, read *catholics*.—P. 24, l. 9, for *receiving* read *admitting*.—P. 26, last line but one, for *interest* read *interests*.

A

S E R M O N,

&c. &c.

1 MACCABEES, iii. 21.

"WE FIGHT FOR OUR LIVES AND OUR LAWS."

THESE words were addressed by Judas, a distinguished leader of the Jews, to his countrymen, when the Syrians, leagued with the Samaritans, were preparing to oppress them. Their cause was just, their danger was imminent, and the example of their valour may, I should hope, be without impropriety recommended to imitation, even before a christian audience. The first part, then of this discourse will be employed in examining, whether or no, the principle of patriotism be warranted by the authority of the gospel; and the second, in conformity to the express language of the text, will be directed to such topics, as are more immediately suggested to our minds by the present solemnity.

That to love our country ardently is an amiable quality—that to promote the interest of it diligently, is a meritorious service, and that to die in the defence of it voluntarily, is a noble instance of magnanimity, are truths most congenial to the undebauched sentiments of the heart, and supported by the unequivocal concurrence and the uniform experience of all ages, whether ancient or modern, and of all nations, whether barbarous or civilized. Propositions, indeed, collaterally or incidentally connected with those truths, like many other questions, which branch out from the wide and complex generalities of ethics, may, in theory have often been perplexed by intricate subtilties, and, in practice, often perverted to criminal purposes. Hence the embellishments of rhetoric and the charms of poetry, have been injudiciously or corruptly lavished upon those actions, which, under the specious colour of a regard for our country, wound the purest feelings of humanity, violate the plainest dictates of justice, and deform the goodly works of our creator by wild desolation and merciless carnage. But the calm and impartial voice of reason will ever separate the claims of true patriotism from those of the false, by an appeal to principles which unfold the real duties, and ascertain the real interests of society: and, as religion itself is intended for the direction and the benefit of rational and social beings, we may safely infer, that, what reason authorises, religion does not forbid. On the contrary supposition, indeed, we should let loose upon multitudes the same disorders which the unlimited and unqualified application of the rule for the forgiveness of enemies

would inevitably bring upon individuals. The interests of the present life would not only be severed from those of the future, but would appear wholly incompatible with them—The analogy which seems to pervade the whole moral world, and to connect obligation with utility, and sympathy with the perception of right and wrong, would be obscured—The aggregate of moral improvement arising from the various relations in which we stand to each other, would be diminished—The exercise of passive courage, as it has been called, would become not merely the supreme, but almost the sole duty of man—Self love, which now contains within itself the germ of so many social virtues, and by proper culture, adds so largely to the stock of social happiness, would be useless, as a part of our nature, co-operating with benevolence in the formation of our social character—Self defence would cease to be vindicated by the plea of self preservation—The weak would be delivered over as a prey to the strong, the unoffending to the tyrannical; and nations the most enlightened and refined would be exposed to the fierce and sudden incursions of barbarous hords, who would in a moment destroy all that had been effected by the wisdom and the labour of successive ages, mutilate every monument of art, and efface every vestige of civilization and science.

It were a gross affront, then, to religion to suppose that it was intended to introduce such a mass of evils; to thwart the suggestions of common sense; to cramp the efforts of common justice, and to throw down every security for that national independence, without which society would resemble a state of nature, and might relapse into it without any visible increase of wretchedness or degradation to our species.

It so happens, however, that the conduct of the blessed Jesus upon the important subject of patriotism has been strangely misrepresented by one writer, who was the secret enemy, and by another who was the professed advocate of the gospel; and as both of them have acquired no common share of popularity, by the ingenuity of their arguments, and the elegance of their style, it cannot be improper, on the present occasion, to examine their shewy and delusive sophisms.

Now, one of them exults in the discovery that, while christianity sets up the highest pretensions to a perfect code of ethics, it omits not only the praise, but the very mention of patriotism; and from this omission, which first is broadly assumed as a fact, and then is petulantly sneered at as an imperfection, the objector would induce us to doubt the divinity of it's original: for patriotism, it is granted alike by the infidel and the believer, is necessary, always to the well being, and sometimes to the existence of society; and therefore, the infidel may justly triumph over the credulity and inconsistency of the believer, when the one opposes, and the other defends a religion, which is silent, and by silence inefficient, upon a practice so essential to the dearest interests of mankind. The other writer expatiates upon the same fact as a *singularity*, but not as a *defect*; and from premises which he partly holds in common with his precursor in the bye-paths of paradox, he draws a conclusion quite opposite:

opposite: that, because the founder of christianity did not inculcate patriotism, his religion thus far contains one internal evidence of having descended from heaven: for it disdains to make the prejudices of men the instrument of their faith; it overlooks, and by overlooking discountenances, what false religions have expressly noticed and earnestly encouraged; and by these means, it would eventually increase the sum of virtue and felicity among the sincere and consistent followers of Christ.

But, the misrepresentations of the former writer will be completely refuted, by considering that christianity, when it binds us to universal benevolence, must include patriotism as a *part*; for the obligation to do good must ever be co-extensive with the power of doing it; and therefore, to act for the benefit of *many*, when the opportunity occurs, is the office of a christian, no less than to act for the benefit of a few.

Thus far, while we agree with one of the writers to whom I have alluded, about the solid advantages of true patriotism, we can, at the same time, protect our holy religion from the charge of not having recommended it; and, in the sequel, while we equally agree with the other writer, on the mischievous tendencies of false patriotism, we shall not rest our defence of revelation, upon the fantastic and hardy presumption, that because Christ was *silent* about the *false*, he *consequently* was *indifferent* about the *true*. One distinction, I am aware, pervades the whole controversy; and since it is very pertinent as well as very intelligible, I shall now lay it before you. If by silence be meant the absence of *express*, or, as dialecticians would say, *formal* approbation or disapprobation, we accede to the statement, as it respects *both* kinds of patriotism. But, if the word be employed to mean *implicit* or *virtual* approbation or disapprobation, we oppose the statement, as it concerns both. For, *under certain circumstances*, which the course of human affairs frequently realizes, the virtues which Christ enjoins, have in themselves the essential merit of true patriotism, and the vices which he forbids, contain in themselves the essential malignity of that which is false.

The error of the ingenious person, whose opinions I am now going to examine, is perhaps the more dangerous, because it is accompanied with an ostentatious eagerness in the defence of the gospel; and therefore in the very threshold of that examination, I think it proper for me to observe, that the whole difficulty which he has started, may be solved, by distinguishing between the right and the wrong application of terms, and between the use and abuse of principles.

If patriotism mean that well-directed and well-measured love of our country, which induces us to promote the welfare of it, both in preference to private advantage, and in *subordination to general good*, we maintain that his assumption is false; we reject the aid which is offered to our cause by his inference from it; and we assert that in conformity to those restrictions which are imposed by the higher considerations of that general good, patriotism, so far from being virtually prohibited

by

by our heavenly master, is substantially enjoined. But, if patriotism be really and solely, as our panegyrist defines it, that "which commands us to oppress all coun-"tries, in order to advance the imaginary prosperity of our own; and to copy the "mean partiality of an English Parish Officer, who thinks injustice and cruelty "meritorious, when they are useful to his village;" in *this* sense of the term, we allow that the gospel does not, either in reality or appearance, give encouragement to *such* patriotism, and we assert, that upon one and the same ground of violated benevolence, it condemns both the officer who serves his village, and the citizen who would serve his country, by such odious means and from such narrow views. We contend, however, at the same time, that the definition is imperfect and fallacious—imperfect, because it does not *discriminate* the imaginary from the real interests of our country; and fallacious, because it would insinuate, that the real can be forwarded *only* by the same injustice and cruelty, which, according to the hypothesis we are now considering, are employed to promote the imaginary. Surely, if the language of this celebrated definition be correct, we may, as it has been well remarked, affirm with equal propriety, that "humility," which, by the general consent of mankind is praise worthy, "should be called meanness—that generosity should be called profusion"—that all other actions supposed by the same consent, to be in alliance with virtue, whensoever they are *not* carried to pernicious excess, and when they are *not* prompted by unworthy motives, must be looked upon as similar to actions, which *are* so carried and so prompted—that all philosophy when it professes to separate the excess from the mean, deludes us—and that all language when it supplied terms for the marks of that separation, has contributed to the delusion.

What then is the result? If there be a genuine and salutary patriotism, the gospel has in effect recognized and approved it. If there be a spurious and dangerous patriotism, the same gospel neither directly nor indirectly favours it. But that there *is* such a spurious, and that there, also, is such a genuine patriotism, we readily admit—that the properties of the one, and the obligation to shun it, are equally intelligible, with the properties of the other, and the obligation to practise it, we strenuously maintain—and we trust, moreover, firmly, that by an accurate use of words, and by a dispassionate attention to things, as the objects of those words, we shall be able to vindicate the honour of our holy master, against the scoffs of the unbeliever, and the misconceptions of the visionary.

Harsh, indeed, as I have often thought, when communing with my own heart, and often lamented, when I have been instructing you, my brethren, who are committed to my charge—*very* harsh, and very unfair is the treatment which revelation has experienced in the doctrines which it propounds for our belief, and in the rules which it prescribes for our conduct. Those doctrines, though few and simple, have been multiplied by the misguided zeal of it's followers, and encumbered with dark

and

and mystical interpretations, which, under the venerable, the usurped, the prostituted name of orthodoxy, have confounded the judgement, and enflamed the passions of the christian world. Those rules, however agreeable to the common sense, and however conducive to the common interests of mankind, have been distorted by ingenious sophistry, by monastic gloominess, or by frantic enthusiasm; and instead of making us wise unto salvation, they have sometimes degenerated into frivolous and unprofitable austerities, and sometimes been pleaded in vindication of the most desperate outrages. For purposes of superstition, or fanaticism; for the support of metaphysical reveries, or the disguise of spiritual domination, the believer appeals to the authority of Christ and his apostles, for the truth of dogmas which they, in reality, never taught, or the necessity of observances, which they never imposed. The unbeliever craftily admits the propriety of the appeal, and then charges upon the christian law, those absurdities which exist only in the extravagant conceits, or arbitrary practices of christian interpreters. But "the wisdom which is from above "will ever be justified of her children," and this too, effectually and eminently in the question which we are now discussing.

If valour, as an instrument of patriotism, be employed, as it too often has been, to carry into effect those "violences, which distract the world with bloodshed and "devastation;" if it be used "as an engine by which the strong plunder the weak, "the proud trample upon the humble, and the guilty oppress the innocent;" doubtless, in the view of religion, no less than of reason, such love of our country, impelling us to the use of *such* an engine, is as a passion, "the offspring of pride, "avarice, and ambition:" and, as a habit, it is equally hateful in the eye of a righteous and benevolent Deity, and of every considerate and virtuous man. The christian will acknowledge with the philosopher, that "an army of victorious "warriors, returning triumphant on this vile principle, however graced with the "flattering title of HEROES, and ensigns of GLORY, are in truth no better "than a band of PUBLIC ROBBERS: or as our *great poet*, a christian and a "lover of mankind, finely expresses it,

"An impious crew
"Of men conspiring to uphold their state,
"By worse than hostile deeds; violating the ends
"For which our country is a name so dear.*"

On the other hand, if patriotism be, as men of sense rightly understand it to be, "a zeal for the happiness of the country to which we belong; and where the most "numerous, intimate and affecting of our social relations are formed and culti-"vated;" THEN it is sound as a principle; *then* it is precise as a term; *then* it is lovely as a quality; *then* it is indispensable even as a duty: for it connects our pri-

* Brown on the Characteristics, p. 339. and Milton's Sampson Agonistes.

vate with our public virtues; it leads us to protect *immediately* our governors and our fellow citizens, and *eventually* our neighbours, our friends, our venerable parents, and our beloved children. All, as members of the same community, are linked together by the ties of a common interest: all, as men, are related to us by the participation of a common nature; *all* are objects of our moral agency by the authority of a common religion, and by our common exertions all are to be defended. One part may be nobler in itself, or nearer to us in our domestic situations, than another. But he that is anxious to save the whole, means well and acts well by every part, be it more or less distant, and be it inclusive of more or fewer objects.

It has been said, ingeniously, perhaps, though in some instances rather incautiously, that christianity lays down no rules, as the religions of Numa, of Mahomet, or Confucius seem to provide them, for the administration of public affairs—that it contains no specific code for the magistrate, the legislator, or the warrior; but effects all it's peculiar and salutary purposes, by the authority of it's sanctions, and the influence of it's precepts, over the hearts of individuals *only*. The observation is, I grant, defensible, when it is *properly understood;* for, let it not be imagined that magistrates, legislators, and warriors, *as such*, are unconcerned in those precepts here, or in those sanctions hereafter. *They*, too, are *individuals; they* are endowed with moral faculties; *they* are placed in a state of moral probation; *they* are invested with privileges which ever must be accompanied by correspondent and commensurate duties; and therefore they ought to remember that the observance and breach of those duties, are subjects, not only of applause or censure from man, but, of reward or punishment from God.

That christianity does not directly prescribe any rules for worldly policy, is, indeed, a circumstance which might lead us to some important reflections on the consistency of such conduct in its authour, with the preremptory and explicit pretensions of his religion to be calculated for the universal benefit of mankind. But if governors were actuated by the same benevolent spirit which christianity was meant to infuse into the minds of those whom they are appointed to govern—if justice and mercy, which are recommended to *all* the followers of our Blessed Redeemer, without regard to the infinitely varied and continually changing distinctions of climate, custom, laws, rank, and fortune, and the obligations to which are *modified*, but not suspended by such distinctions, really pervaded the whole of a community; every corruption would be purified; every abuse would be corrected; every violence would be averted; and the blessings of public as well as private life, would be more widely diffused and more permanently secured. The honest magistrate, the wise legislator, the brave warrior, and the upright patriot might, each in his own province, claim to himself the appellation of a good christian. In serving mankind he might deliberately obey God, and, while he increases his fame, he might save his soul.

It may be worth while to observe, that the objections of infidelity, *if* well founded, have scarcely been pushed to a proper extent, on the subject now before us. They who have been actively employed in censuring the Mosaic œconomy, seem to have usually acknowledged the excellence of the decalogue, in which, as all parties appear to agree, is compressed the substance of the Jewish law. Yet, the absence of patriotism from that series of commands and prohibitions, has never given rise to any specific objections founded on such absence, against the wisdom, or the virtue, or even the extraordinary claims of Moses. The practice of the Jews themselves is, also, a clear, prominent, and decisive proof that, in the decalogue, they were not sagacious enough to discern, as others have done in the gospel, any implied interdict against the love of our country.

In various periods of the Jewish history do we not read of valiant Judges, Captains, and Kings, who repelled the incursions of neighbouring states, barbarous in manners, ferocious in spirit, and addicted to the most odious overt-acts of plunder and devastation? Was it not the love of their country which prompted Samson, at the hazard of his own life, to crush the Philistines assembled in the temple of their idol, and excited David to go forth, without staff or sword, against a champion gigantic in stature, bold from conscious strength, and trained, from his youth upwards, in the use of arms? Did not Nehemiah thus address the rulers and the nobles and the rest of the people, "Be not ye afraid of your adversaries; remember the Lord "which is great and terrible, and fight for your brethren, your sons and your daugh-"ters, your wives and your houses:" and in this generous call upon the bravery of his associates, are not public mingled with private considerations? The interest of the state, with the safety of families? The impulses of patriotism, with the instincts of nature? Did not Judas say to the men who were with him, "Fear ye not their "multitude. Remember how our fathers were delivered in the Red Sea, when "Pharaoh pursued them with an army. Now, therefore, let us cry unto heaven, "and remember the covenant of our fathers, and destroy this host before our face "this day."

Upon a subsequent occasion, "when the battle was begun, and the cry of the "city went up to heaven with trumpets and a great sound;" did not the same patriot call aloud unto his host, "Fight this day for our brethren?"

Who can read without admiration and sympathy, the heroic and pious words of Eleazar, when bowed down with age, and preparing to undergo a cruel death for the sake of his countrymen, he thus exclaims, "I will shew myself such a man as mine "age requireth, and leave a notable example to such as be young, to die willingly "and courageously for the honourable and holy laws." "Thus," says the sacred historian, "this man died, leaving his death for an example of a noble courage, and "a memorial of virtue, not only unto young men, but to all his nation."

Again, in the chapter whence my text is taken, when the forces of Samaria and Syria were

were collected against the Jews, and when, "being so few, they doubted how they "should be able to fight against a multitude so great and so strong," did not their leader thus dispel their fears, and rouse at once their piety and their patriotism? "The "victory of a battle standeth not in the multitude of an host; but strength cometh "from heaven. They come against us in much pride and iniquity, to destroy us "and our wives and children, and to spoil us; but we fight for our LIVES and "our LAWS."

The Jews, it is apparent, were not conscious of disobeying the decalogue, in it's matter or it's spirit, when they fought for their country; and yet, the decalogue contains no instruction for them so to fight. Where then, let me ask, is the penetration, or rather, where is the fairness of those writers who, while they cavil at the omission of patriotism in the gospel of Christ, are silent as to that omission in the laws of Moses, announced, as those laws were, with the utmost solemnity, and containing, one would imagine, the most important duties which the Jews were required to perform? Where, again, is the impartiality of a noble writer, who, when speaking of the Jewish dispensation, tells us that "under it the virtue of patriotism had il-"lustrious examples—that in some manner, it was recommended to us as honour-"able, and worthy of our imitation; that Saul himself, as ill a prince as he is re-"presented, appears both living and dying, to have been respected and praised, "for the love he bore his country:" but, when he comes to speak of the christian dispensation, exchanges statement for sarcasm, finds only *one* solitary instance of attention, to what he calls, "*heroic virtue;*" degrades the value of that one, by a sneer at a *single* word; overlooks the *proper* import of that word, as *connected with the reasoning* of the apostle, and probably *mistakes* the meaning of the very term which is alone applicable to his contemptuous and insidious concession.

But, to return to our argument on the decalogue. If it be said, that christianity professes to be a more perfect system of morality, we answer that such perfection is supposed to consist, *not* peculiarly in the instructions, which it gives even implicitly, for the love of our country; but, in the precepts it contains for that general benevolence to our species, in *all* their moral, and *all* their social relations, which by fair construction *must* include, and which in practice *does* include, such love. We add, too, that upon comparing the different situations of the two lawgivers, and the different characters of their laws, we should be naturally led to expect some exhortations to patriotism, in a religion, which, like that of Moses, professedly intermingled *political* with religious regulations; which was ushered in with preparations not only for preserving, but *founding a government*, and which was intended, avowedly, for the exclusive use of one people, *rather* than in a religion which, like that of Christ, was totally unconnected, in it's origin, and in it's progress, too, with politics; which is equally designed for the use of all states, as well as of all private individuals, wheresoever it is known; which is perfectly silent about the forms of all

government, be they regal or republican, but which, through the whole of it's moral provisions, has an equal tendency to increase and to perpetuate the best possible effects of all possible forms. The plain fact is, that neither Moses nor Christ ever censured genuine patriotism; nor, be the actual conduct of Jews or christians what it may, did they ever recommend the fictitious.

But farther. Has it ever been objected to christianity, that the author of it has, upon no occasion, *explicitly* said, LOVE THYSELF? Yet, the various duties of temperance, chastity, and even prudence, which the gospel enjoins, contain the virtues which are comprized in that love: and we may say the same of patriotism, as *implied* in the duty of universal benevolence.

When our blessed Lord enforced the second and great commandment, "Thou "shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," mark, I beseech you, how correct and how comprehensive, as well as intelligible, is the import of this injunction! Our Saviour not only recognises self love, as a part of our nature, and, under some circumstances, of our duty, but he makes it the very *measure* of our love to our neighbour. Nay farther, in the explanation which is immediately given of the *principle* upon which we are to love our neighbour, he *virtually* inculcates the love of our *countrymen* as well as of strangers. A traveller falls among thieves; is plundered by them, and is left wounded upon the spot. He is seen by two countrymen who neglect him, and by one Samaritan who relieves him. If the conduct of his countrymen heightens the merit of the Samaritan, the conduct of the Samaritan enhances the demerit of his countrymen, and probably, for the purpose of elucidating both these points, their characters are contrasted. In the christian acceptation of the word, both the Jew and the Samaritan were the neighbours of the sufferer, and by the christian rule, both were obliged to relieve him. But, the levite and the priest, as it is apparent from the fact, and as it is, also, designedly suggested to us by the story, were under a *stronger* obligation to afford that relief than the Samaritan. *They* were born in the same country; *they* worshipped in the same temple; and therefore, *their* guilt in neglecting the sufferer, was greater than would have been the guilt of the Samaritan. Here then, in the very precept which directly commands us to love a stranger, we have an *implied* and forcible direction to love our countrymen *more especially*. The fact is, that the universal benevolence enjoined by christianity, when judiciously and consistently explained, will always be found to imply the good of our country, as a *great part* of the great family of mankind.

I have elsewhere had occasion to remark, that universal good, as an *immediate* object, is perhaps far too extensive for the efforts, and even the comprehension, of any one moral agent. Why then, you may ask, is universal benevolence enjoined, and how can universal good be promoted? My brethren! the one *is* enjoined, because the other *can* be promoted, by the active and sincere application of the principle, to *all* the objects of our moral agency, infinitely diversified as they are, in

number and in magnitude—because the very cultivation of the principle has a tendency to produce a virtuous disposition, and because that disposition will lead us to act according to our different powers, and different duties, as different opportunities for acting may arise in our different situations. To far the greater part of mankind, the country in which they live, is the *noblest* object upon which their benevolence can be expanded; and he, who in obedience to the commands of his Saviour, exerts his personal talents, or sacrifices his personal interests, for the benefit of that country, must in this world deserve the approbation of his fellow creatures, and may be sure of an adequate reward in the world to come.

But here, my brethren! I must very seriously intreat you to observe, that patriotism, either as approved by reason, or warranted by christianity; must by no means be *confined* to that love of our country, which consists in the endurance of pain, or in the surrender of life itself. These, doubtless, are illustrious instances, and they are solid proofs, too, of patriotism, where the cause is good. But in the employments of peace, as well as in the struggles of war, many are the opportunities which we have for vigorous exertion, many are the uses to which we may apply our time and our abilities, many are the sacrifices which we may make, of our fortune and our repose, for the public advantage, and many are the blessings which we may thus confer, on the country in which we live.

We may improve the moral as well as the political state of that country, by assisting in the establishment or execution of salutary laws. We may shew the sincerity of our patriotism by the general activity of our benevolence, and by our solicitude to promote alike the spiritual and the temporal welfare of those, who are endeared to us by social intercourse. We may be industrious, and the encouragers of industry. We may be learned, and the patrons of learning. We may be innocent, and the protectors of innocence. By our counsels we may suggest, or by our contributions we may facilitate extensive projects for the employment of the idle, the reformation of the dissolute, and the relief of the sick, the aged, and the indigent. We may enlighten ignorance, correct prejudices, restrain intolerance, assuage animosities, and diffuse around us the blessings of christian charity. We may direct our neighbours, our families, and our countrymen to the knowledge of every christian truth. We may animate them at once by precept and example, to the practice of every christian duty. In reality, every *accession to national virtue* brings with it an additional *security for national prosperity:* and surely, he, who, by the authority of his station, or the influence of his advice, accustoms a *whole people* to the love of truth, justice, and mercy, to faith in Christ, and piety towards God, has a splendid claim to be ranked among the most useful friends of his country, and the noblest benefactors of mankind.

There is another point of view in which I wish you to consider the subject. For the frequency with which some commands occur in the scriptures, for the earnestness

ness with which they are enforced, and for the phraseology in which they are expressed, satisfactory reasons may be assigned from the known and *peculiar* circumstances of the world, when our Lord appeared in it. Upon contemplating those circumstances, you will, perhaps, find ample reason for admiring both the wisdom and the humanity of our blessed Saviour, when he abstained from any explicit and positive directions for the love of our country.

The passion, I am aware, is noble in itself; it takes a strong hold upon some of our best affections; it delights the imagination; it warms the heart; it gathers strength from the instantaneous and the instinctive sympathy of every spectator. But, upon all these accounts, it is liable to be abused very grossly and very perniciously, by hurrying us into eager co-operation with the ambitious, and into implicit confidence in the artful. Hence has often arisen the misapplication of a term, which, in it's original sense, was precise; and hence too has proceeded the perversion of a principle, which, in it's native character, is most meritorious.

Now, when our Lord was upon earth, the Roman empire was stretching itself far and wide, and the Roman armies were leagued in a fell conspiracy against the tranquillity and the liberties of the world. The Jews, also, among whom he lived, were bigotted to their own religious tenets, to their own ceremonial observances, to their traditions, to their temple, to their false and proud notions of a Messiah, who was to erect for them a temporal kingdom. Under the influence of that bigotry, misguided by error, and infuriate from zeal, they would gladly " have bound " all other nations in chains," and, in thus exalting their own country, to the disadvantage, and even with the subjugation of the whole human species, they would have looked upon themselves as instruments, naturally, or it may be, even preternaturally, appointed to accomplish the will, and to promote the glory of God among his favoured people. Amidst such propensities, then, of the Jews, such practices of the Romans, and such wicked passions as were common to both, a precept immediately and earnestly directing men to love their country, would have been soon misunderstood, and soon misapplied. Through the glosses of interpreters, and the blindness of hearers, patriotism would have quickly mounted up to the highest class in the catalogue of virtues. In speculation, it would have been so perverted, as to debase the authority, and to counteract the influence of every obligation to universal benevolence. In practice, it would have produced such ambition in governors, such impetuosity in leaders, and such phrenzy among their followers, as would have plunged them into undertakings wholly inconsistent with common prudence, common equity, and common humanity.

The argument which I am now enforcing, may be pursued to a much greater extent. While a strong passion is striving for the mastery within us, perturbation of judgement always arises; and when the conflict ceases, the strength of every adverse passion, as a great philosopher acutely remarks, is transferred to the predominant.

nant. Now a peremptory command from Christ, on the subject of patriotism would, upon it's first entrance into the minds of his followers, have been welcomed by their national prejudices and their national pride; and though reflection or humanity might, for a time, have preserved some of them from the abuse of it, yet, with the bulk of mankind, their influence, after a short and feeble resistance, would have been pushed into a contrary direction, by that agreeable feeling which often accompanies a brisk agitation of the spirits, by the blind impetuosity of intense action, by the fascinating desire of temporal and spiritual power, and by extravagant notions of advantage to their country, and glory to their religion. Experience indeed, will assist us in conjecturing the *probable* effects of such a command upon the earlier believers in revelation, as well as upon the Jews: and perhaps a sense of that probability, among other reasons, induced our Lord and his apostles to insist so *largely* and so *frequently* upon the slender connection of the gospel, on it's first publication, with secular concerns, and upon the duty of it's followers to lay down their lives peaceably and patiently in the defence of their faith. If the benign tendencies of it's spirit have, in later ages, been counteracted by the most absurd misconceptions of it's letter—if metaphorical phrases have been transformed into absolute propositions—if solitary passages have been stretched on the rack of interpretation into general rules—if expressions picked up at random, or wrenched from the context, have been pleaded as decisive warrants for the senseless enterprizes of the crusader, and the merciless severities of the inquisitor; we may conclude that the duty of patriotism would not have been very accurately understood by the primitive christians, especially at a time when their forefathers had been recently irritated by obloquy from the Jew, and by persecution from the gentile. Under the circumstance just now mentioned of any positive direction to fight for their lives and their laws, christianity, though ushered in with a solemn proclamation of "peace upon earth," and "good-will towards men," would, when christians formed the majority of a nation, have soon been employed, as mahometanism was, to disturb that peace, and to stifle that good-will. Rushing precipitately from the love of their Saviour to the contempt or hatred of their species: blending intolerance with ambition: fired at once with religious zeal and military enthusiasm, they would have appealed to the authority of their master, not in his *predictions of events*, but, in his *precepts for conduct*, when he spoke of "sending upon the earth, not peace, but a sword." They would have aspired to conquest from motives of mistaken piety, and with the approbation of misguided conscience, they would have unsheathed their weapons indiscriminately, against every puny sect of heretics, and every populous community of heathens. They would have disdained either to renounce, or to dissemble "that favorite max-"im which has so often been ill interpreted and ill applied, that '*Whoever is found* '*to be an enemy to God, ought also to be declared an enemy to his country.*'

Multiform and irregular as may be the caprices of fanaticism, it steadily enough keeps

keeps in view the gratification of latent pride; nor is it ever insensible to the allurements of domination over the temporal possesions, and social rights, as well as the religious opinions of mankind. Hence proselyte-makers, when emboldened by numbers, and furnished with arms, fondly gaze upon the whole world as a land of promise, which they are themselves, like Abraham in the land of Canaan, to traverse "in the length * of it, and in the breadth of it," and not only to traverse but to subdue, and after subduing to reform, and after reforming to retain, and all this, they will tell you, for the honour of their country, the natives of which are appointed to be "a light to lighten the gentiles;" to march onward through difficulty and danger, as the harbingers of a triumphant Redeemer, and to announce the proffer of immortal bliss, in the willing, or the unwilling, ears of every near and every remote people. Enchanted with such illusions, they will measure duty by inclination, right by power, and the lawfulness of the means by the supposed importance of the end. They will cast away mercy, as an obstacle to justice, and prudence, as a reproach to godliness. They will listen to no distinctions between *false* and *genuine* patriotism. They will submit to no compromise between the errors which they have determined to extirpate, and the truths which they think themselves bound to disseminate. They will be checked in their career by no suggestion, that "the glory of celestial objects is one," and "the glory of terrestrial is another." They will acknowledge no king but Jesus, and he that "is not with them" for the sake of Jesus, in every hardy enterprize, and every ferocious outrage, stands accursed as a recreant traitor who is secretly against them, who meanly shrinks from the crown of martyrdom, and basely truckles for his life by the forfeiture of his soul. If the history of man may be credited, such is the nature of man: and shall christians boast of complete exemption from the common infirmities of that nature?

But, if christianity *had* been thus propagated with undisguised violence: if that violence had been owing to the rapid transition of the human mind, from the love of our own religion and our own country, to the detestation of other religions, and other countries: if that transition had been occasioned by erroneous notions of any encouragement which the scriptures afford to that love: what, I would ask, must have been the consequence? They who now amuse themselves with talking of christians, as required to set their affections *exclusively* upon "heavenly things," would have been clamorous against their unseemly and baneful activity in earthly affairs—against the *inflammatory language*, as well as the unsocial genius of the christian law—against the want of philanthropy, or the want of discernment, in Christ himself. But by leaving the duty of patriotism to be understood in the way of legitimate *deduction* from the principle of general benevolence, and by subjecting it to the controul of equity and sound discretion, as necessary attendants upon that principle when applied to practice, our blessed master has sufficiently guarded his religion

* Gen. xiii. 17.

fallen, suppliant antagonist, would bring back the atrocities of savage hords into the conflicts of christian combatants, tarnish the annals of his country to the latest posterity, and agitate the whole civilized world with astonishment at the flagitious overt act, indignation at the dastardly excuse, and horror at the portentous *example*—upon the cool-headed and flinty-hearted sophist, who, from motives of groveling avarice, or rampant ambition, deliberately puts "evil for good, and good for evil"—upon the perfidious counsellor, who would "fashion, wrest, and bow his reading, in "opening or sustaining titles miscreate, the right of which suits not in native colours "with the truth;" and this too, when he "empawns the person or the honour of "his royal master, and would awake the sleeping sword of war"—upon all such wretches, the religionist looks down, as the betrayers of their sovereign, the corruptors of their fellow subjects, and the murderers of their species. Nay, what is more tremendous, but most sure, he knows that, upon the souls of such wretches will be fixed, at the last day, *immediate and strict responsibility for all the accumulated and aggravated miseries of war*, unjustly begun, or unmercifully prosecuted. Yes, my brethren! before the tribunal of Almighty God, these false patriots, whom I have been describing to you, will be responsible for *every* sort of interruption, and *every* degree of diminution, in the happiness of sensitive, and in the improvement of moral creatures. They will be responsible for every rude check which they may have given to the delicacies of manners, to the tendernesses of humanity, and to all those agreeable or useful kinds of social intercourse which acquire facility from custom, or regularity from law. They will be responsible for the gradual transition of the national character from a sense of security obtained with difficulty, to a spirit of wanton annoyance; from the remembrance of injuries repeatedly suffered, to a spirit of vindictive retaliation; and even from habits of courage long exercised, to a spirit of brutal ferocity. They will be responsible for the tempestuous confusion of public affairs; for the diminished comforts of private life; for the increasing pressure of taxation; for the sudden decay of trade; for the violent interruptions of agriculture; for "the goodly fruits of the earth," which, having been cherished by "the former "and the latter rain," are wantonly laid waste; for ancient temples profaned by an impious soldiery; for gorgeous cities rased from their foundations; for kings driven from their lawful thrones, and peasants from their lowly cottages; for limbs crippled irreparably by disease, or mutilated by wounds; for constitutions exhausted by incessant fatigue, or sapped by pestilential climates; for combatants hurried from fields of slaughter to appear before the judgement-seat of God, with all their "secret faults," and all their "presumptuous sins," *unexpiated by repentance*; for the "cries of the orphan, for the tears of the widow, for the blood of dead men, and "for the groans of innocent virgins deploring the loss of husbands, fathers, and be-"trothed lovers, who have been swallowed up in the dreadful controversy." Since "the very hairs of our head are all numbered," and not "a sparrow falls to the

"ground

" ground" unnoticed in the sight of God, awful indeed is the account which must one day be rendered for the *collective sufferings of a nation.*

If the rulers of the earth would ponder these things, they might be wise without craftiness, good without weakness, and great without guilt.

From the loathsome and terrific forms, which lurk under the glare of false patriotism, I gladly turn to the contemplation of that purer lustre, in which the true love of our country is arrayed in the eye both of God, and of man. To him, then, who goeth forth to the battle sincerely and seriously, in the *well-applied* name, and for the *well-understood* glory of the Lord of Hosts—to him who would deliver the " meek and humble" from the cruel " despitefulness" of the mighty and " the proud"—to him who " snappeth asunder the spear of the destroyers, " and burneth their chariots in the fire"—to *such* a patriot, contending in such a cause, and for such ends, even religion holds forth encouragement in the promise of " the life that now is, and of that which is to come." His merits, indeed, will be rewarded by the ardent gratitude, and the rapturous admiration of the people among whom he was born, and whom he has delivered from enemies abroad, or from oppressors at home. His name will be pronounced with reverence in the assemblies of princes, and the festivities of nations. His feats are transmitted from generation to generation, by the testimony of faithful and impartial historians—they are holden up to wonder and to imitation, in the sublime and animated eloquence of statesmen and patriots—they are consecrated, as it were, by the calm and solemn applause of wise and virtuous sages—nay more—they are recorded in the infallible and immutable registry of heaven, where " the spirits of just men made perfect," may even now be permitted to sympathize with kindred excellence; and where angels and archangels, upon such occasions as these, may not disdain to behold and to approve.

From these general, but I trust, not unseasonable, nor unprofitable observations, I should immediately proceed to the topics suggested to us by the peculiar solemnity of this day, if I had not very cogent reasons for laying before you some preparatory remarks, which cannot fail to be understood by those among you, who have been my attentive and well-disposed hearers.

The late war was marked by some unusual and deplorable circumstances, which led me from motives of prudence, of moderation, of sincerity, and of piety, to abstain, as much as possible, from political discussion and even political allusions, when I addressed you in the sanctuary. Looking as I did, seriously, to the peculiar character of " the times and the seasons," I contented myself with adverting only to such subjects as were closely connected with the interests of *morality and religion*, and such as had a direct tendency to preserve your minds from every licentious, and every unholy tenet, which had been broached in a neighbouring country. I always wish to speak of my clerical brethren, not with the affrontive smoothness

of candour, but with the manly and respectful openness of justice. The zeal of many among them, I am *sure*, was accompanied by honest intention, though perhaps not always by profound knowledge; and their *just* abhorrence of the atrocities which were committed by our enemy, led them astray, sometimes, into interpretations of prophecy, which have not been warranted by subsequent events, and sometimes, into presages of divine judgements, about which the ignorance and wrath of man seldom harmonize with the righteous, but unsearchable counsels of GOD. Certainly, however, it was not then my duty to dogmatize upon what was doubtful, or to exaggerate what might be true, when by so doing I was more likely, from the violent temper of men at that juncture, to inflame the partizan, than to instruct the christian. It was not my fortune, at the same time, to discover much decorum or much usefulness in the different conduct of certain teachers, who seemed to be aiming, some at fleeting popularity, a few, perhaps, at secular advantage, and more, I believe, at the gratification of their own blind prejudices and impetuous passions upon *obscure, intricate,* and *extraordinary* questions, about which many enlightened men were accustomed to suspend their judgement in obedience to their conscience, and to chain up their speech from their desire of peace.

I would not, however, be understood to censure without *any* distinction, or any limitation, the introduction of politics into a christian pulpit; though I could wish *every* topic so introduced to be well-considered; every statement well-founded, and every admonition well-timed. I am aware that from the impulses of self preservation, the influence of custom, and the dictates of common sense, we *always* carry about us a lively feeling for the interests of our country; and that in promoting those interests, we are happy to find our opinions and our actions warranted, more or less, by the authority of that religion, in the belief of which we profess to live, and hope to die. Whether the sphere of our agency be appointed us in a high, or a low station—whether we be endowed with an ample, or a scanty portion of knowledge—whether we approve, or disapprove of public measures, it were criminal, as, perhaps, it is nearly impossible, for us to be indifferent to the public safety. Indeed, that safety itself is always the professed end, both of our approbation and disapprobation; and our anxiety to preserve it most effectually is always the motive by which good men are actuated, howsoever they may differ in opinion about the means. The factious do homage to the principle of patriotism, by their reiterated, though deceitful appeals to it; and the honest evince its usefulness, and strengthen its efficacy, when they endeavour to accomplish the purposes which it seems to point out, by those instruments which it is known to authorize. But, in proportion as this feeling of regard to our country recurs frequently, and acts intensely, it becomes us to be upon the watch against self-delusion, self-conceit, and the excess of self-love. Besides, when the happiness, and the merits of foreign nations, as well as that to which we belong, are deeply interested, we cannot be too wary in declaiming against the sins,

and

and exulting over the misfortunes of others, nor too dispassionate in weighing the causes and the consequences of our own.

The fact is, that, in the terrible contests of nations, war is *always* to be ranked among the severest scourges of God—that it ought to be lamented unfeignedly, even where it may be completely justified—that through the infirmities, the errors, the jarring interests, and the wayward affections of men, the opportunities for such justification are not very frequent—that during the dark and contentious negociations which precede hostilities, injuries, and loud complaints of injuries are often reciprocal—that appeals are sometimes made to heaven by both parties, with equal plausibility in words, and equal presumption in spirit—that moderation is not always found among the brave, nor sincerity among the eloquent—that amidst the hideous din of arms, the irregular agitations of hope and fear, the boisterous rage of multitudes, and the mischievous wiliness of their leaders, it is extremely difficult for the wisest and best of men to separate truth from falsehood, or to ascertain the boundaries of right and wrong—and that for these *numerous* and *weighty* reasons, the merits of war, as points of discussion *merely* political, are seldom admissible into the house of God, and generally, even as subjects of moral investigation, are better adapted to other times and other places. Yet upon the coolest and fullest consideration, I am convinced that, in repelling the invader, "we *are* fighting for our "lives and our laws," and therefore do not offend against the spirit of our benevolent religion, and the will of our heavenly father.

Under this conviction I stand acquitted by my own heart, in deviating, for once, from my usual practice. But you will take notice that, while I urge the duty of "fighting for our lives and our laws," as recommended by the text, I shall very reluctantly advert to a preceding passage, so far as the contents of it may be employed with the poignancy of personal reproach, in representing the governors (I say not the armies) of another country, as "coming against us with much pride and "iniquity." The station to which they have risen, by whatever means; the power which they have recently acquired; the spirit which they have again and again manifested, are most unfavourable to the ordinary and peaceful intercourse of nations; and surely circumstances, so novel and so prominent, are sufficient to justify the disapprobation of moralists, the vigilance of statesmen, the jealousy of rivals in every honourable branch of commerce, and the apprehensions of neighbouring states for their ultimate, and even their immediate security. With reasonable dissent, however, from some popular rumours, and with very slender or improbable evidence for the exactness of others, I will not, in the house of God, echo and re-echo personalities, to the asperity, and perhaps, in some points, to the injustice of which, we may in part impute "those perils and those calamities" which we have this day deplored upon our knees before the throne of God. Having some time ago endeavoured to prepare your minds for the service, which the wisdom of our ecclesiastical governors has appointed

pointed for the present solemnity; having this day joined you in the performance of it, and having explained to you the principles of christianity, upon duties intimately connected with the best purposes for which that solemnity could be intended, I will not presume to repeat what I do not believe, or to imitate what I do not approve. Whether to gain the praise, or to shun the displeasure of mortal man, I will not dissemble my wishes, that the acrimony of personal railing may *never* be permitted to find a place in supplications addressed to that Being, "who weigheth men in the "balance, and who searcheth the hearts and reins." Sound policy is never at variance with substantial justice; and, at such a juncture as this, it stands in need of assistance, not from far-fetched surmises, or frivolous cavils, or virulent invectives, but from that caution which is able to appreciate the differences of real and apparent danger, and that firmness, which alike disdains to have recourse to the meanness of submission, and the insolence of defiance. If, then, the honest and generous zeal of the public has been stirred up *without* such inglorious expedients, can it be wise to disturb the calm and pious reflections of individuals assembled in the sanctuary? If upon the most momentous, perhaps, of all national questions, we are united in exertion and in sentiment, can it be virtuous to throw stumbling blocks in the way of good men, by unnecessary and uncertain assumptions, which may, for one moment, divide them in their prayers? These plain, but serious questions, will be much better answered by the common-sense of a religionist, than by the subtilties of a polemic, or the declamations of a zealot.

In conformity to the express language of the text, I will now call your attention to the peculiar and alarming situation of public affairs. I wish not to perplex your minds with the intricacies of political controversy, but to animate your zeal, and to direct your conduct, upon an occasion most important to you, in all your various relations, as masters of families, as servants, as parents, as children, as Englishmen, and as christians. We are threatened with invasion from a foreign enemy, whose power is become enormous, whose views are most ambitious, whose spirit is most unquiet, whose armies are formidable from unexampled numbers, and from recent success, and whose attempts against us are the more to be dreaded, from the military skill, the political sagacity, and, perhaps I should add, the peculiar temper of their leader. The annals of our history scarcely present to us any period, in which the danger of all that is dear to us, was so extensive, or so imminent: and thankful I am to heaven, that, at *no* crisis whatsoever, were Englishmen equally prepared to encounter such danger, by the united good-sense, loyalty, and courage of our countrymen.

In the reign of King John, when a French prince poured his legions into this kingdom, we were governed by a weak and a wicked sovereign, who had alienated from himself the hearts of his people; and the vassals of many proud and powerful English barons crowded to the same standard, and fought in the same cause, with French invaders. But mark, I beseech you, the better condition in which you are placed,

placed, by the merciful providence of God! The progress of knowledge and civilization, the improved principles of government, the order and impartiality which pervade the administration of public justice, have secured this happy land both from the open and the secret tyranny of sovereigns; and proper it is for me to add, that he who now reigns over us, has a claim to our respect and our obedience, from the exemplary decorum, which common fame has uniformly and justly ascribed to him in private life, and from the general avoidance of those public measures, which strike at the foundation of our free and venerable constitution. Whatsoever may have been the errors of a long and eventful reign, it were want of sagacity not to perceive, and want of candour not to acknowledge, that, in the course of it, strange occurrences have arisen, *such*, I am sure, as might embarrass the most discreet, irritate the most patient, and astound the most intrepid. Our sovereign, however, has not, like John, under the plea of exercising his own proper prerogative, trampled upon our rights; he has not, for the attainment of purposes, peculiarly and exclusively his own, seized upon our property; he has not deliberately violated the laws which he had sworn to defend; he has not arrogantly provoked the rich and the powerful; he has not inhumanly insulted and oppressed the poor. Thus far, in the conduct and character of our sovereign, we have a security for that unanimity, and we have incitements to that ardor, which the folly and the crimes of the unhappy John had extinguished in the minds of his offended and injured subjects.

In the reign of Henry the Sixth, the French made on our coasts some predatory incursions, which, however mischievous for a season, do not appear to have left behind them any lasting consequences. But the intellectual faculties of the king, we should remember, were feeble from nature, and torpid from superstition. His very innocence excited affection without inspiring reverence; and his misfortunes procured for him the tenderness of compassion, rather than the steadiness of attachment. The management of foreign affairs was unsuccessful, and the administration of internal politics was unpopular. The mind of his queen was impatient of controul, fertile in machinations, unwearied by difficulty, and unsubdued even by defeat. His title to royalty was disputed by a subtle, watchful, and high spirited competitor, who was neither to be awed by resistance, nor soothed by concession. His nobles were fickle, turbulent, and perfidious; and his people were prone to revolt upon every delusion practiced on their credulity, and every instigation applied to their fury. But, from the inconveniences and perils attendant upon such a state of things, we are fortunately exempt.

Doubtless, ye have often heard of the mighty preparations that were made against England, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, when the Spanish armada approached our shores. At that time, the seeds of discord were widely scattered over the land. The naval power of Spain seemed to be quite as superior to that of England, as the disciplined hosts of France are now said to be, to the regular force

usually maintained in this kingdom. The character of the Spanish monarch was distinguished by unrelenting pride, by gloomy bigotry, and by ferocious revenge. The perils from within were, to calm and considerate observers, equally alarming. A great part of the people were yet attached to the doctrines and discipline of popery. The emissaries of the court of Rome were numerous and indefatigable. Their intrigues were deep, and their temper was vindictive. Their adherents were to be found ready for action, in every crowded city, and in every lonely village. Their priests had taught their followers to believe, that rebellion was a duty, and that, to rush into treason against their sovereign, was an act of allegiance to their Saviour and their God. If providence had permitted the Spaniards to land among us, thousands would have hastened to enlist under their banners, and the cross of Christ would have been raised aloft in the defence of desolation and murder, against every Englishman who obeyed a protestant Queen, or who worshipped his Maker according to the pure and holy forms of a protestant church.

Be ye serious, my brethren, be faithful to your country, be thankful to your God, when you reflect that, in the present day, the torch of religious discord will not be lighted up among us; that from our earliest infancy, we have been trained in the simple and salutary discipline of protestantism; that no priests are at hand to persuade us to hurl our Sovereign from the throne, or to embrue our hands in the blood of our countrymen, under the penalties of everlasting damnation; that no secret plots have been formed against that religion, which we have been accustomed to venerate; that we are protestants surrounded by protestant brethren; that among those who yet adhere to the church of Rome, the intolerant and malignant spirit of their forefathers, has, in most of them, been corrected by the diffusion of useful knowledge, enlarged enquiry, and civilized manners among them, as well as ourselves; that by the more enlightened part of them, catholicism is no longer confounded with popery; that the obedience which catholics profess to owe, or are accustomed to pay, to their spiritual head, is no longer incompatible with the rights of sovereigns, the observance of treaties, or the security of states; that the rival claims of aspirants to power, which engendered or embittered the disputes of polemics about religious doctrines, are no longer heard in this country, or remain matters of research only to the antiquary, the historian, and the philosopher; that the severities, which were formerly inflicted upon this sect by the prudence, or the jealousy, or the vengeance of protestants, have been gradually relaxed; that with mingled feelings of honest gratitude, and reasonable hope, many learned and worthy persons among them are beginning to look forward to a compleat, though, perhaps, distant deliverance, from every galling restraint, and every insulting suspicion; that *all* of them have a *common* interest with ourselves in repelling the common foe; and that his success, instead of restoring them to the privileges once attached to their faith, would speedily deprive them of all opportunity whatsoever for worshipping

worshipping the Deity according to the dictates of their conscience, and would involve the civil and the religious rights, both of papists and protestants, in equal, helpless, and hopeless ruin.

These are weighty considerations, and they will encourage you to repose the firmest confidence, not only in your own strength, but in the ready and vigorous co-operation of that party which, in the reign of Elizabeth, was so dangerous to the safety of the sovereign, the existence of the national church, and to the property, liberty, and lives of your protestant ancestors.

Will not the heart of Israel then be roused and warmed, like " the heart of one " man," in the support of that cause which you are summoned to defend? Are they not the words of sound and sober wisdom, by which you were instructed in the prayer just now read to you, to implore the protection of heaven to the national church? Has not that church been adorned by the talents, the erudition, the virtue, and the piety of it's teachers, through many generations? Was it not consecrated at first, by the blood of many learned and holy martyrs? Is not the stability of it experimentally found to be consistent with your intellectual improvement, and your social welfare? Have not the doctrines of it, when heard by you in this sanctuary, inspired you with the love of God, and the love of your neighbour? Have they not consoled you within your own private families, in seasons of sickness, sorrow, and adversity? Will they not guide your feet through the paths of innocence and virtue in this life? Do they not open to your faith and to your hopes the glorious prospect of immortality in the life to come? And will you, then, tamely surrender these precious privileges to the fury of your enemies, flushed with victory, fearless of retaliation, or impelled by that blind antipathy which the scorner ever feels towards the virtuous and the devout? May not some of them be tempted to throw down your altars, and to slay your priests with the sword? Instigated by that rage for proselytism, which is common to infidelity and to superstition, may they not teach you to make a mock of sin, to renounce your Redeemer, and perhaps to blaspheme even your Creator? How then are these multiplied and aggravated evils to be averted? I answer, by your union and concord; by your firmness and valour; by your well-founded affiance in the assistance of God, to repel the attacks of adversaries, many of whom are too likely to insult you for believing in that God, and to persecute you for endeavouring to worship him in spirit and in truth.

These are the reasons that should induce you to be unanimous in preserving your religion; and now, my brethren, when we turn to the consideration of " our laws" and our government, we shall meet with arguments equally forcible to guide our judgements, and to strengthen our resolution. It is not the vulgar and braggart prattle of national vanity—it is not the fond and empty jargon of visionary theorists, when we say that the civil constitution of England far surpasses that of every other country, either in ancient, or modern times. The principles of it lie deep in the

opinions

opinions and customs, of ages far remote from our own. But they have been gradually matured by the influence of many various causes, through many successive generations. They are to be classed, not among the effects which, as accident produces them, at one time, may, by accident, be destroyed at another; nor among the contrivances which the ingenuity and enthusiasm of a single man would push at once to perfection, and the jealousy or the caprice of a successor has thrown aside, upon the plea of defect; but, among the productions of human wisdom, calmly reflecting upon the collective evidence of human experience in the past, and warily adapting the result to the present exigencies of human affairs, and to their probable capacities of receiving improvement, or reformation. They have been recognized by the fears and the hopes, and they have been strengthened by the successes and the disappointments, of kings, of nobles, and of priests, whose mutual contentions have imposed upon them the necessity of employing against their rivals those popular rights, which they might otherwise have been unwilling to favour, or even to endure. They have been rescued from many perils by the sagacity of statesmen, the firmness of patriots, and the courage of heroes. They are diffused through our civil and our political code of laws. They mingle with the prejudices of our youth, and the reflections of our manhood. They are endeared to us by long possession, by acknowledged right, and by enjoyment, which the inevitable fluctuations of public measures, and public events have, in our own days, rarely disturbed. They pervade all the classes of the community. They protect alike the palace of the monarch, the mansion of the nobleman, and the cottage of the labourer. They give security to the persons and the property, not only of the opulent and the powerful, but of the manufacturer and the husbandman. They, in a word, are equally beneficial to all, and by the counsels and the endeavours of all, they are now to be defended.

At such a momentous crisis, every impartial and intelligent observer of political events, as affected by the established customs, and complicated interests of a people, will turn his attention towards other circumstances, which are peculiarly favourable to this kingdom.

Where property is very unequally divided—where the many toil by harsh compulsion, for the advantage of the few—where the middle classes of the community bear a very small proportion in influence to the higher, or, in number, to the lower orders of citizens—where despotism inflicts without controul, and imbecility suffers without redress—where dependence is abject without connection, and obedience is implicit without attachment: in *such* states, military operations are usually confined to hosts of mercenaries; and in the absence of that fury which is inspired by religious fanaticism, or by personal revenge, nations are sometimes content to change their masters, with little regret for the past, and little solicitude about the future. But among a free people, that latent power, which is diffused through society, and which is necessary to the preservation of freedom itself from encroachment, and

those

those dormant energies of the mind which accompany that power, silently, but effectually, prepare men for great exertions upon great occasions. The materials of which that power is formed, may, indeed, be usually of too close and too subtle a texture, to be easily discerned by an eye, which is intensely and almost exclusively fixed upon the coarse and complicated tactics of ordinary war. But their firmness is seen and felt in the hour of trial, and though pierced, they are seldom rent asunder by external violence.

Now, without entering at large into the abuses which provoked, or the crimes which disgraced, a late revolution, I may be permitted to say that, in the course of it, striking instances were exhibited of that principle which concentrates the public opinion, the public will, and the public force, for the maintenance of a cause, which every man supposed that he understood, because every man knew that he was interested in it. But we have long been in possession of that object, at which our enemies were doomed to aim injudiciously, and therefore unsuccessfully. We rank it among our *political*, but they found it only among their *natural*, rights. From the influence of habit, we are enlightened, but not dazzled by liberty, even in it's meridian splendour. But they, for a time, were compelled to gaze upon it only through the excessive and delusive glare of speculation; and in practice, after a dawn, which from the beginning was sometimes overspread with clouds, and which ended in dark and angry tempests, the light which they had been permitted to see so faintly, and with so many sudden and irregular interruptions, vanished from their view, perhaps not to re-appear through many joyless ages.

Whatsoever, then, be the good, whether moral or physical, which rational freedom is capable of producing, our own *experience* will tell us, that our own share of such good has been most ample indeed. For, amidst all the follies, and all the vices, which luxury may have engendered among us, it may still be asked, where, among the nations of Europe, can be seen a whole people, less infected with those impious tenets, which have relaxed the tone of all social virtues, or with those loathsome impurities, which, from familiarity, have almost ceased to be infamous, in many parts of the continent? Where, among persons of every rank, are instances of fidelity, integrity, and benevolence more numerous in private life? Or, where does the public spirit manifest itself, with more promptitude and more perseverance, upon every opportunity which occurs for giving effect to enterprizes of great public utility? Amidst the remains of feudal manners, or feudal rights, corrected, as they have been, by progressive civilization, where is the peasant less exposed to insolent and vexatious oppression from the rich? Or, where has the noble less to apprehend from that envy and that malignity which conscious inferiority is too apt to inspire? Where is power lodged with individuals, more generally subservient to the purposes of protection; and where are the privileges conferred upon them, more frequently connected with social duties? Where shall we find so many aids to strengthen the sinews of war, or to restore in a short time the springs of action, which war may

have impeded or impaired? Where shall we meet with so many capitals, the acquisition of which sustains or increases so effectually the population of a country? Employs so many persons usefully in the distribution of labour? Opens so many sources of advantage or pleasure, to the artificer, the seller, and the consumer, and pours the productions of art and nature through so many near, and so many distant channels? Where have men of genius arisen more frequently, or their merits been more readily acknowledged, while the general activity of that good sense, which is embodied among the people, seems to stand so little in need of assistance from splendid discoveries, or is so constantly at hand to separate the truths from the refinements contained in them, and quietly to incorporate every useful suggestion into our established code of politics and ethics? Where can be seen a greater diversity of interests supporting and supported by each other, through a greater diversity of ranks, diffusing the comforts and conveniences adapted to various situations, more abundantly, furnishing opportunities and incentives either to corporeal or mental exertion, more extensively, and securing the fruits of both to every man, with the consent and cooperation of all men, more permanently? Where has civilization, improved by commerce, by agriculture, by knowledge, by religion, by laws, by popular habits and popular sentiments, displayed a more complex, and, at the same time, a more beautiful form of society, for the contemplation of the philosopher, for the satisfaction of the citizen, and for the exercise of talents and virtue in the legislator, the statesman, and the patriot?

By the very structure of the human mind, the sense of such blessings must accompany the enjoyment of them; and though, from the constitution of human affairs, they may be liable to temporary changes in excess or diminution, yet, upon every fit occasion, the manly character of our countrymen, and the principles of our mixed government, as illustrated by experience, will present to every understanding some rallying point of opinion and action; some corrective quality to speculative errors, or to practical abuses; some lenient and salutary expedients for accommodation, to the advocates of every system, and the champions of every party. Even in times of peace and prosperity, that sense of our real situation, though calm, is not inert; for, in the view of the profound observer, it fixes a barrier almost impenetrable between discontent, and sedition—between obedience, and servility—between the sober processes of improvement, and the tumultuous frolics of innovation—between the wisdom which repairs, and the rashness which subverts. But in seasons less auspicious to the tranquillity and happiness of the state, this general sympathy in general good, is marked by stronger characters, in the general conduct of the people. It points the best energies of self-love, and of social, to the same common and important purpose. It urges every man to depend on himself, and to act from himself, as "if the moment of victory should lie on his single arm." It prepares the minds of all men to awake on the approach of real danger, to guard their collective interest by their collective strength, and to preserve the unparalleled advantages which they

they are conscious of possessing, by personal sacrifices and personal exertions, fully proportionate to the number and the magnitude of the objects for which they are called upon to contend.

You, my hearers, are not without your portion in the blessings which I have just now enumerated. In the present state of society, you go forth in the morning to your daily labours without fear, in the evening you return without inquietude to your homely meals, and through the stillness of the night, you repose in your beds without alarm. But, if your enemies were *long* to prevail, would they not, like the Egyptian task-masters of old, command you to make brick, and to supply yourselves with straw? Would they listen to your complaints, when you " were hungry " and thirsty," and your souls were fainting within you? Would they suffer you to rehearse, in carols of joy, all the mighty feats, and all the glorious triumphs of your forefathers, in defence of that *liberty* which is now your own? No. They would not permit your tongues to utter that word, so familiar to the ears, and so captivating to the hearts of Englishmen. They would put out every spark of the holy fire, which now glows in your bosoms. They would force you to endure the scorching sun, and the chilling frost, but without recompensing your toil. By compulsion you would till the land, and by violence, *they* would reap your harvests, or *they* would plunder your barns. From the character of freemen and of Englishmen, they would degrade you into vassals, too impotent to be dreaded, and too contemptible to be pitied. Day after day, and year after year, they would condemn you to the most ignominious drudgery, as " hewers of wood, and drawers of water;" and the agility of your youth, the vigour of your manhood, and even the last lingering remains of your strength, in tremulous and languid old age, would be exhausted at the will, and for the benefit, of your imperious and obdurate conquerors. Many of the evils here mentioned already impend over other countries, which are unable to break their chains; and if the power of your enemy were equal to his fierceness, the same evils, attended by various circumstances of aggravation, would inevitably overtake yourselves and your posterity.

But from such a prospect, a mind truly English must recoil with indignation. You, I am confident, would disdain to bow down your necks to that yoke, which has been thrown by your enemies on many other people, whom their promises had cajoled, or their menaces had scared. Your spirit will never yield obedience to the commands of such oppressors. Your hands, instead of being cramped by the fetters which your enemies have forged for them, should rather be raised up in wielding the sword of jnstice, and in pointing the sharpest edge of it against the invader.

Consider, I beseech you, some striking circumstances which mark the situation, into which you are thrown, by the mighty and unprecedented armaments of your enemies. The wealth, the strength, and above all, the generous and high spirit of this country, form, I do not say the *sole*, but I do confidently affirm, the very strongest obstacle to the ambition of your foes. Against us, therefore, must be directed

us can be so sottish, or so headstrong, as to say, that national evils of such magnitude, when known to him only by report, will not alarm and afflict his soul?

But that which you hear of others, must also be seen and suffered by yourselves, unless ye are true to your duty. *Your own harvests* will be plundered—your own houses will be destroyed—your wives and your children will be inhumanly torn from the tender embraces of husbands and fathers, and brutally violated in the sight of you, their legal and natural protectors—your sons, to whom ye look forward for comfort and succour to your grey hairs, will perish in the bloom of their youth—masters, servants, friends, and neighbours, may alike fall a prey to the devouring sword—and does not the very mention, I would ask you, of such evils, awaken within you, an instantaneous, ardent, invincible determination to avert them, "with "all your heart, and all your mind, and all your soul, and all your strength?"

Were your governors, indeed, employed in romantic and adventurous schemes of conquest, you might pause a little before you added approbation to obedience, and spontaneously tendered your aid to annoy those who had not offended you, to plunder those who had not injured you, and to crush those who cannot resist you. But when your country is invaded, there is no room for hesitation in your judgement, as there can be no plea for slackness in your actions. Every ear must be open to the general and awful summons; every heart must be inaccessible to fear; and every hand must be uplifted for resistance. You are called upon to defend your liberties, your laws, and your religion. You are sharing a common danger, and promoting a common interest, with your governors, with your equals, and with your inferiors. You go forth to the combat, not as savage destroyers, not as ambitious conquerors, not as insatiable plunderers, but as self-preservers, as Englishmen, and as christians. You are encouraged, in the support of a just cause, by the example of the brave, the arguments of the wise, and the exhortations of the good. You are preparing to bequeath to your posterity those blessings, which the foresight, or the heroism, or the virtues of your great progenitors procured for them, and for yourselves. You are contending, not for unsubstantial renown, but for solid security; not alone for national honour, which indeed may be often precarious, or merely ideal, but for national independence, which always *is intelligible*, and always *must be inestimable*. You are avenging the blood of the innocent, the honest, and the valiant. You are protecting your neighbours from oppression, your families from poverty, your sovereign from injury and insult, and your country from disgrace and perdition.

In the pursuit of ends so justifiable, by means so meritorious, you may without impiety, look up for succour to Almighty God! and whether ye perish in the struggle, or whether ye survive it, the approbation of that God will be the sure and most ample reward of your loyalty, your patriotism, and your fortitude co-operating with your benevolence.

END OF THE SERMON.

FAR the greater part of the foregoing Discourse was delivered from the pulpit, and the whole of it would long ago have been sent to the press, if I had been able to procure the aid of a transcriber. My intention was to subjoin such Notes as appeared to me pertinent and useful. But the delay which my diligent and very ſenſible Printer unexpectedly found in getting necessary types, determined me to abandon my design. So important, however, seems to me the matter which some of those Notes contain, and especially one in which I have endeavoured to vindicate the character of Moses, as a lover of his country, from the most formidable objection which has ever been urged against it, that I shall rejoice to avail myself of a proper opportunity for submitting my thoughts to the consideration, both of serious christians, and of candid unbelievers.

For obvious but weighty reaſons of decorum, I am anxious to guard some expreſſions which occur in p. 20 of the Sermon, from miſconception. Though I could wiſh that two or three paſſages in the late Faſt Service had been omitted, or ſoftened; yet I ſhall not be content with saying that, according to my judgement, it is, upon the whole, far preferable to many others which have within my memory preceded it. In truth, I think the general ſpirit and the general matter of that service highly honourable to the good senſe, the taſte, and the piety of the perſons who compoſed it. My heart, I muſt confeſs, is always refreſhed by the peruſal of thoſe supplications to Heaven, which are calculated, at once to satisfy the enlightened and conſcientious members of the eſtabliſhed church, and to conciliate Chriſtians, who diſſent from it peaceably and sincerely. *Such ſupplications are, I am sure, conformable to the benevolent genius of our holy religion; and for the beſt ends, they exhibit the beſt principles of that church, which, among other excellent leſſons conveyed to us, in its public forms of devotion, has inſtructed us to pray that "God, the Father of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt," who is "our only "Saviour and the* Prince of Peace, *would take from us* all hatred and prejudice, *and "whatſoever* elſe *may hinder us from godly union and concord; and that as there is but "one body and one ſpirit, and* one hope *of our calling; one LORD, one Faith, one Bap"tiſm, ONE GOD AND FATHER OF US ALL; so we may* henceforth *be all of one "heart and one soul, united in one holy bond of truth and* peace, *of faith and* charity."

Be it obſerved, to the credit of the church of England, that the prayer, in which the foregoing words are contained, is annually read upon a ſtate occaſion; and to the honour of the preſent age be it remembered, that the heavenly *ſpirit of that Prayer is infuſed into the ſervice for the late Faſt, in that part where we are directed to "beſeech Almighty God, to give us "all grace, to put away from us all rancour of religious diſſention, that they who agree in "the eſſentials of our moſt holy faith, and look for pardon through the merits and interceſſion "of the Saviour, may, notwithſtanding their differences upon points of doubtful opinion, and "in the forms of external worſhip, ſtill be united in the bonds of chriſtian charity, and "fulfil his bleſſed Son's commandment,* of loving one another, *AS GOD HAS LOVED US."*

The authors to whom I allude in p. 2 of the Sermon, are Lord Shaftesbury, in part the second of an Eſſay on the Freedom of Wit and Humour, and Mr. Soame Jenyns, in his View of the Internal Evidence of the Chriſtian Religion.

Upon particular paſſages in the works of thoſe writers, I had now and then made ſome obſervations, which it has not been my fortune to ſee in any book that has fallen in my way. But as their general reaſoning has been fully examined, by Dr. John Leland, Dr. Maclaine, Dr. Brown, and other writers, I have been content with purſuing the ſame track, and ſhall offer my apology nearly in the words of Torquatus—"Dicam de graviſſimis "rebus; nihil ſcilicet novi, ea tamen, quæ lectores probaturos eſſe confidam." Cic. de finib. lib. 1.

REFERENCES.

Page 4, line 16, "humility." See Dr. Maclaine's Letter to Soame Jenyns, p. 183.

P. 5, l. 18, "violences." Ibid, l. 19, "engine." Ibid, l. 22, "offspring." See pages 53 and 57 of Jenyns's View of the internal Evidence of the Christian Religion.

P. 5, l. 5 from the bottom, "zeal for the happiness." Series of Letters addressed to Soame Jenyns, by Dr. Maclaine, p. 183.

P. 8, l. 16, "Under the virtue of patriotism." See Lord Shaftesbury at the conclusion of part the second of his Essay on the Freedom of Wit and Humour.

P. 8, l. 23, "Import of that word." See Lord Shaftesbury's Note, in which he hath produced the words of Saint Paul, in chap. v. verse 7, of the Epistle to the Romans. I differ from Lord Shaftesbury in his representation of the word *Peradventure*, and in the sense affixed by him to the greek term, which is translated a *good* man. At some future time I hope to publish my refutation of his Lordship's criticism.

P. 9, l. 6 from the bottom, "elsewhere." In my Spital Sermon and the Notes to it.

P. 11, last line, "a great philosopher." See Mr. Hume's Dissertation on the Passions.

P. 12, l. 4 from the bottom, "maxim." See Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History of the Seventeenth Century, Section ii, Part 2.

P. 16, l. 7, "fashion," See Shakespeare's Henry V. Act 1, Scene 2. Ibid, l. 37, "tears of the widow." See the same Play, Act 2, Scene 5.

P. 26, l. 38, "single arm." See Paradise Lost, Book 6, line 239.

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ADDRESSED TO THE

FRENCH NATION,

ON THEIR PROPOSING TO REMOVE

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FROM

ST. HELENA

TO

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Disturb him not! though bleak and bare
That spot is all his own;
And truer homage was paid him there
Than on his hard-won throne.
Earth's trembling monarchs there at bay
The caged lion kept;
For they knew with dread that his iron tread
Woke earthquakes where he stept.

Disturb him not! vain France, thy clime
No resting-place supplies,
So meet, so glorious, so sublime,
As that where thy hero lies.
Mock not that grim and mouldering wreck!
Revere that bleaching brow!
Nor call the dead from his grave to deck
A puppet pageant now!

Born in a time when blood and crime
Raged through thy realm at will,
He waved his hand o'er the troubled land,
And the storm at once was still.
He reared from the dust thy prostrate state;
Thy war-flag wide unfurled;
And bade thee thunder at every gate
Of the capitals of the world.

And will ye from his rest dare call
  The Thunderbolt of war,
To grin and chatter around his pall,
  And scream your "vive la gloire"?
Shall melodramic obsequies
  His honoured dust deride?
Forbid it, human sympathies!
  Forbid it, Gallic pride!

What? will no withering thought occur,
  No thrill of cold mistrust,
How empty all this pomp and stir
  Above a little dust?
And will it not your pageant dim,
  Your arrogance rebuke,
To see what now remains of him,
  Who once the empires shook?

Then let him rest in his stately couch
  Beneath the open sky,
Where the wild waves dash, and the lightnings flash,
  And the storms go wailing by.
Yes, let him rest! such men as he
  Are of no time or place.
They live for ages yet to be,
  They die for all their race.

Edward Hawke Esq
1736

A

HINT to the BRITISH POETS.

ONE conſtituent of poetry is deſcription; which is of three kinds. *Firſt*, of objects as they appear to exiſt in fact; which is common to the Poet with the Hiſtorian, and may therefore be termed hiſtorical deſcription. For determining the juſtneſs of this kind, there lies an appeal from all authorities whatſoever to the things deſcribed.

SECONDLY, of objects that were never known to exiſt, but ſimilar to thoſe that we ſee do exiſt; which kind permit me to call imaginary deſcription. For determining the excellence of this kind, the laſt appeal lies to nature, experience, fact, and the common notions of conſiſtency, propriety, truth.

THIRDLY, of objects that never at all exiſt but in the poet's imagination, as HOMER's Gods and Goddeſſes, the Muſes, Fairies, Genii of places, the Virtues and Vices perſonified, and all the other branches of the poetical machinery, which I beg leave to call creative deſcription. If a poet chuſes to adopt a machinery already eſtabliſhed, it ſtands in the place of nature; and to it the appeal lies for the juſtneſs of his deſcriptions. Some liberty indeed he certainly ought to take in improving upon it by his own

own invention; tho' exactly how much is not eaſy to ſay. Neither would it be ſafe to pronounce concerning the excellence of any new or eſtabliſhed machinery by general rules; how conſpicuous ſoever it may be to almoſt every one in particular caſes. JOVE ſhook his locks, and the earth trembled. GOD looketh upon the earth, and it trembleth. *He ſaid, Let there be light, and there was light.*

Eve's heavenly form——o'eraw'd
His malice, and with rapine ſweet bereav'd
His fierceneſs of the fierce intent, it brought.
That ſpace, &c.

THESE deſcriptions of majeſty, power, and the workings of the heart, which we never ceaſe to admire, tho' not in ſuch inſtances as ever fall under human obſervation, do yet bear a near analogy to human things; ſo near, that I begin to be out of humour with the diſtinction of the imaginary and creative kinds, and am willing to retain only the former of theſe terms, including in it the idea of both: and if you will alſo include in it the hiſtorical, we ſhall take the word *imagery* in its common acceptation; which I called one conſtituent of Poetry, but very improperly; for it is rather its eſſence, its ſoul and body: ſo that the more or leſs any compoſition has of it, it has the more or leſs of Poetry. XENOPHON's inſtitution of CYRUS, which is in the looſe attire of eaſy proſe, is a part of it as eſſentially poetical, as any that his model

model HOMER has to boaſt of, tho' there is ſcarce one fact or ſpeech, which I dare aſſert was never done or ſpoken. And if, upon this account, it ſhould be doubted, whether he is a Poet or Hiſtorian; this very doubt would determine me to pronounce him a Poet. In the firſt of PLATO's *Republicks*, the deſcription of THRASIMACHUS, which is the only thing I admire in it, is ſtrictly poetical, and enough to raiſe the envy of an ARISTOPHANES.

BUT tho' Imagery be both the ſoul and body of Poetry, yet if it would animate and give a grace to the whole of a compoſition, it ought not, no more than a fine woman, who would ſhew herſelf to the beſt advantage, to appear naked or looſe. Certain ornaments it admits of as naturally becoming, and many more poſſibly our fancy may demand to render it agreeable.

ONE ornament we are agreed, I mean all mankind in all ages and nations of the world are agreed, there is, and that is meaſure; which we think ſo neceſſary, that without it Poetry generally loſes the very name. We are ſo agreed in demanding that ornament; becauſe it is not fancy, but is founded upon this certain principle of human nature, the ſenſe of harmony, and the tones of the human voice being expreſſive of the paſſions, or correſpondent to the velocity, ſlowneſs, delicacy, *&c.* of the things deſcribed. If this correſpondence and expreſſion be preſerved, together with that harmony, which gives a certain freedom, agility and

and voluntary motion to the thoughts, whatever the language be, my fancy is fully ſatisfied. Whether harmony requires, that the meaſure be the ſame throughout a compoſition, may well be doubted.

HERE, if the Reader will let a joke go free, (as travellers uſually do for their mutual relief upon a blind and tedious road, and ſo methinks ſhould friendly criticks, when all alike bewildered in any labyrinth of controverſy ;) I can hardly forbear wiſhing there was a form of poetical government eſtabliſhed according to PLATO's *Utopia*. Only inſtead of an Ariſtocracy, I would have it to be a Monarchy, and myſelf for a while the Monarch. My firſt edict ſhould be, what the ſweet THEOCRITUS ſuggeſted to me in a pleaſant dream laſt night, tho' troubled betimes with certain unmuſical and ſtrange voices, as of ſome Billingſgate rabble, heard, as they ſeemed to be, from afar, and, as he informed me, frowning at my childiſh attention to them, periodically. By his advice, be it hereby prohibited to uſe any other metre than the heroic, on pain of my diſpleaſure, becauſe this has been proved both by the antient Poets and our own to admit of the greateſt variety, while yet it preſerves the harmony, of numbers, ſo as to be eaſily adapted to every ſpecies of poetry, from the higheſt ſublime, down to very chitchat. If indeed, in violation of my edict, any preſumptuous pen ſhall attempt a particular meaſure, provided it be every where peculiarly adapted to the ſpirit, and this of courſe the ſame in one intire ſtanza as another,

and

and in the firſt, ſecond, third, &c. lines of any one ſtanza as in the correſpondent lines of any other, his puniſhment ſhall be remitted: perhaps too I may intercede with APOLLO to crown his ſon.

We are apt, I own, to be pleaſed with the abſtract uniformity and variety of ſounds: abſtract, I ſay, and independent upon the ſenſe and ſpirit. But then it is only the ear that is tickled, neither the imagination nor the heart are aſſiſted. And whether they ſhall be aſſiſted or otherwiſe by that harmony, depends upon its correſpondence or contrariety to the ſenſe and ſpirit. Thus, if the numbers are quick when the ſpirit is gay, or ſlow when it is melancholy, they are aſſiſting: but if quick when it is melancholy, or ſlow when it is gay, the ear and the ſoul counteract each other. This is univerſally confeſſed. Yet if there be no ſpirit at all, ſince in this caſe that contrariety cannot happen, we are apt to be ſo well pleaſed with the verſes, as to pronounce them poetry. Some indeed in ſuch a caſe may not like them the more for that melodiouſneſs, ſave only as it renders them a more pleaſant opiate. But theſe are few. And as to others, it is only their ear, that pronounces that honourable ſentence, not their imagination nor their heart. And that neither myſelf nor my good people might be ſuch corrupted judges, particularly that none of my dearly beloved couſins, the Poets, might, from a too pious veneration for their immediate predeceſſors, ever be with them enchanted by the magick of harmonious ſounds into an affectation

tation of ſome grovelling witticiſms and almoſt utter forgetfulneſs of the divine and proper ſentiments of Poetry: to ſave them I ſay from this degradation, not unlike that which ULYSSES's crew ſuffered when decoyed by the melody of the SYRENS, is the principal intention of my edict, as it will alſo be of my concluding inquiry. For of all kinds of metre, that were ever invented by my Britiſh Subjects, the heroic ſeems to have the leaſt ſhare of abſtract harmony. Yet they will not murmur at the reſtriction, if they allow me, that there is no ſpecies of Poetry to which it may not be adapted.

BUT let what will become of my edict, ſo my countrymen unanimouſly adopt this axiom, That by far the greateſt part, if not the whole of the excellence, there is even in the harmony of verſification, reſults from the aſſiſtance it gives to the ſenſe and ſpirit of a poem: and that we ought to try by the ſame criterion the merit of every other fancied ornament, particularly that of rhyme.

ERE then we can juſtly fix the degree of excellence there is in rhyme, we muſt inquire, What aſſiſtance gives it to the ſenſe and ſpirit? Whether gives it more, if two or three lines terminate in the ſame ſound ſucceſſively, or at ſome diſtance from each other by the intervention of others, which in the ſame manner terminate in the ſame ſound, either ſucceſſively, or at ſome diſtance from each other by the intervention of the former in return? or, laſtly,

laſtly, does it not give moſt of all, if the middle and end of the ſame line echo to each other?

In determining theſe very important queſtions, I muſt not overlook the authority of BETTY, an old ſervant of my Mother's, about eighteen years ago. As I was reading one winter-evening in Mr POPE's *Eſſay on man*, my mother obſerving her very attentive, aſked her, Now, BETTY, how do ye like it? Why, Madam, I cannot tell well. It is above me. But I think it is very pretty. It, I know not what you call it, like our Pſalm-book, at the end of every line. It rhymes I ſuppoſe you mean, BETTY. Ay, Sir, nicely. It comes as pat as my old ſhoe. I wonder how he made it rhyme ſo nicely. Thus rhyming it ſeems caught BETTY's attention, as it did mine too, tho' in a different manner. For to her it gave pleaſure; to me diſguſt. But in whatever manner it affect the hearer, it catches the attention, and of courſe ſo far diverts it from the ſenſe and ſpirit: to which therefore it is by no means aſſiſting.

I have often been fooliſh enough to wonder, why the periodical reiteration of the ſame ſound ſhould ever have been ſo generally agreeable, gravely inquiring about the cauſe: as if no ſort of epidemical taſte could befal the literary world but what is founded upon principles of reaſon. Once, we know, acroſticks, conundrums, *&c.* were the taſte; which is eaſily accounted for, as being in the long reign of ſcholaſtic darkneſs. But this is the

age of knowledge and refinement, and requires therefore ſome other account of the prevalence of the taſte in queſtion.

1ſt, We are all naturally pleaſed with uniformity, and ſome even when variety would be more agreeable to a well formed judgment, as it certainly happens often in other caſes at leaſt, if not in that under conſideration.

2dly, We are naturally pleaſed with the ingenious acquiſition of an end, be it what it will.

3dly, Still more with the ingenious acquiſition of two ends at the ſame time; which two in the queſtion before us, are Senſe and Rhyme.

4thly, Again ſtill more, if the proſecution of the one ſeemed naturally to thwart with that of the other: for this enhances the difficulty, and conſequently the ingenuity.

These are the beſt accounts I can offer for Betty's pleaſure. She admired how pretty it was, how pat the rhyme came, and wondered how he could make it rhyme ſo nicely. But happy the Poet who has wherewith to excite a better admiration; ſo as to put an end to the former ſort; tranſporting the mind in ſuch an enthuſiaſm, as to engroſs the whole of its attention, and hinder even its perception of ſuch a circumſtance, as the periodical reiteration of the ſame ſound. As when having read this line,

Lent heaven a parent to the poor and me,

Betty

BETTY cried, Pray Mr ROBERT, I beg my Miſtreſs's pardon, will you be ſo good to read that line again. Well, BETTY, but I muſt read the line before it too, or elſe you will not feel how ſweetly it rhymes. No matter for that, Sir, I like that line by itſelf. I wonder, ſays ſhe, if it was his father or mother. His mother. She was a good woman, I will warrant.

ANOTHER cauſe I might have aſſigned for the preference of rhyme to blank verſe, is, That uſually the period is ſhorter and of a more uniform length; its ſeveral members more frequently explanatory of each other, and any nervous or uncommon word more frequently ſoftened by a ſynonymous one. All which excellencies do not a little contribute to perſpicuity; and perſpicuity is always agreeable: a maxim of conſiderable importance, which yet none are ſo apt to forget as the Poets, tho' in none, not even in the Mathematician, is the obſervance of it more indiſpenſably neceſſary.

Two cauſes more occur to me, namely, Habit and the Aſſociation of ideas, commonly contracted by thoſe who are much accuſtomed to read rhyme, according as the poetry is good or bad. And what wonder, if in the former caſe, the indiſcriminating vulgar ſlide into an affection for rhyme, on account of the good company it has kept: Or if, in the latter caſe, when the Poet himſelf is deſerted of the Muſes, his readers are alſo abandoned to the admiration

miration of rhyme for its own ſake, having nothing elſe before them that they can admire.

As to what is often urged, That rhyme is agreeable, becauſe it is a help to the memory: this advantage is no part of the pleaſure immediately attending the enjoyment of a good poem; no more than the proſpect of any profits accidentally ariſing from the compoſition, is a part of the pleaſure which the Poet had in the firſt conception of it; or, leſt I ſhould not be underſtood, no more than the proſpect of any profits ariſing from an honeſt action is a part of the pleaſure, which an honeſt man as ſuch has in doing it.

NEITHER can I admit another argument, advanced by ſome modeſt abettors of rhyme, That it gives a graceful heightening at leaſt to the burleſque kind of poetry. That it admirably heightens the burleſque, I own, cannot be denied: but I muſt flatly deny that burleſque is any kind of poetry, unleſs I would alſo deny that there is any difference betwixt a buffoon, who profeſſes to perſonate whatever is the reverſe of nature in whim, oddity, and nonſenſe, and an actor, who exhibits truth and nature. But let the Poets, and all whom it ſhall concern, be warned, that if a grave and truly poetical ſentiment ever demean itſelf, by aſſuming the ridiculous habit of burleſque, it doth as certainly forfeit the happy character, as ever did chaſte Lady in her diſguiſe at a maſquerade.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER argument I have ſometimes heard, is, that our own and other modern tongues, not having the rich variety of terminations, which we juſtly admire in the ancient languages, want harmony, and ſo require rhyme as a ſupply. For my own part, I frankly confeſs to have ſuch an agreeable prejudice in favour of my mother-tongue, as well as my mother-country, that I cannot allow the former to want harmony, any more than the latter a juſt balance of power in its three conſtituent eſtates; nor can I wiſh the conſtitution of either to be transformed into a reſemblance, or any ſort of connection with ſuch of our neighbours, as may, for ought I know, want our harmony, but certainly do our happy balance. But, allowing I think too highly of my mother-tongue, it is impoſſible to ſuſpect my ear of thickneſs, for not perceiving how the want of variety and harmony is ſupplied by the periodical reiteration of the ſame ſound; unleſs it be ſenſe to ſay, that I ſupply a beggar's wants, if I rob him of his ſatchel and its fragments.

THE moſt important uſe of rhyme is, That, which well conſidered, may perhaps point out its riſe, and how it came to be dignified with the name. In certain particular meaſures commonly uſed in odes and pſalms, where all the lines or couplets are exactly of the ſame metre, the hearer, unleſs very attentive and ſingularly quick in numbering, could not perceive when the ſtanza was compleated without the periodical reiteration of the ſame ſound: which reiteration therefore became as neceſſary as the

variety

variety of metre in the ſeveral lines of an ancient ſtanza. And from this conjunction of the uniform metre in the ſeveral lines or couplets with the periodical reiteration of the ſame ſound, which was thought to anſwer the end of variety, from this conjunction I ſay the ſtanzas ſeem to have been called rhymes; rhyme properly ſignifying the harmony that proceeds from the conjunction of uniformity with variety of ſounds. And in proceſs of time came that falſe rhyme to be gradually introduced into other particular meaſures, where there was not the ſame neceſſity, and at laſt into the heroic, by ſome who did not know the reaſon of its firſt invention. Thus we ſee it happens to the laws of poetry, as well as to thoſe often of religion and the ſtate, that how good ſoever they might be in themſelves originally, they come to be miſapplied and converted into grievances, by ſuch as do not conſider, or never knew the prime reaſon of their inſtitution. This is the moſt probable account I can offer for the riſe and prevalence of this modern taſte.

The reſult of my inquiry is, That the periodical reiteration of the ſame ſound is not a natural expreſſion of veneration, love, gravity, ſorrow, raillery, nor of any other ſenſe or paſſion whatſoever, nor of velocity, ſlowneſs, delicacy, or the like; that therefore it does not in any degree heighten either the ſenſe and ſpirit, or the harmony of the numbers: and that whether it has any abſtract and eſſential agreeableneſs, which is a queſtion of experience, I ſhall only anſwer for one, I do not feel it, no more than

than I do the agreeableneſs of the rhyming antitheſis, much affected by ſome of our pious proſe-writers in the laſt century, who are more excuſable, as not pretending to the majeſty of poetry; yet will not deny it to be agreeable to other people, not only to vulgar readers, but ſometimes to the poets themſelves, who, like the men of an unnatural appetite fatally bent upon their own ruin, fancy a deliciouſneſs in that which endangers the very being of a tolerable genius, or who, more properly it may be, like the men of a healthy appetite, delight in that which they find to be the main ſource of their fame and opulence, and literally ſpeaking their ſtaff of life. Whether this ſeverity is generally deſerved, or like moſt of our modern ſatyr is only the caſual fling of a blind, licentious and proſtituted wit, is a queſtion of fact: And to fact I willingly appeal, to ſtand or fall by its evidence, provided the Critical Gentlemen upon the jury, who ſhall pronounce upon it, be ſuch as are competent judges in the caſe.

LEAVING it therefore undetermined, whether rhyme is a beauty or not, yet conſidering what can never be diſputed, namely, the vaſt variety there is of other poetical beauties, with their proportionable importance, this at leaſt we may ſurely advance without offence, That it is eſſential to a good Poet to have through his whole piece ſuch a height of ſenſe, ſpirit, and harmony; that, if he rhyme, his hearer may have ſomething better to employ his attention than the rhyme; and that, if he do not, he may yet have all thoſe real graces which commonly attend rhyme, ſuch

as perſpicuity, harmony, moderate length of periods; and, laſtly, that his hearer may eaſily perceive, as he goes along, when the meaſure is compleated, I mean, when the line or ſtanza ends; except when a juſt enthuſiaſm treſpaſſes unawares the common meaſure, running out into a more harmonious voluntary, like a flaming comet that breaks the order of ſome inferior ſyſtem, ſetting fire to a guilty planet, deſtined to deſtruction.

If the reader, in pity to a treacherous memory, will diſpenſe with method, I ſhall conſider what I lately heard a Gentleman further alledge in defence of rhyme; which is the more worthy of our notice, both as it ſeems to proceed from that ſpirit without which age itſelf is no longer honourable, nor as I ſhould think truly happy, and as it is ſupported by the authority of moſt of our Schoolmaſters. We ought to have a regard, ſays he, for youth, and accommodate ourſelves to their capacities: for JUVENAL ſays, *Maxima debetur pueris reverentia.* And whereas it is proper to try their genius very early in every way, and ſo in the poetical among the reſt, for its natural inclination cannot be too ſoon diſcovered: and whereas moreover poetry, according to your notion of it, is too ſublime an art for children to attempt, we muſt therefore take a middle way, and be content with obliging them betimes to make Hexameters and Pentameters in Latin, and alſo ſmooth elegant rhymes in Engliſh, the former with the help of their *Gradus ad Parnaſſum*, and the latter with that of BYSSE's *Art of Poetry*, two very uſeful books if the great men

men, Sir, of our Univerſities do not miſtake. Beſides that many there are of riper age, who, tho' they have certainly a very fine poetical turn, would yet never dare exerciſe it without that indulgence. And ſome of our poets, who are very much of your opinion and mine about this matter, are not only excuſable, but commendable for their condeſcenſion in complying with the vulgar taſte, for which yet a great deal might be ſaid after all. Not unlikely, Sir. And as to thoſe, who durſt hardly make the attempt without the indulgence of rhyming, I could readily excuſe moſt of them. But ſome I cannot forgive for their exceſs of modeſty. Had I their fertile invention, methinks, I would employ it to ſome better purpoſe, than that of finding out the whole variety of rhymes in our mother-tongue, which to me looks like diſcovering a parent's nakedneſs. So much am I aſhamed for her, or rather for her idle and impious children, when I hear them ſtammering, as in deriſion, with the frequent reiteration of the ſame ſound.

As to the Gentlemen you ſpoke of laſt: I am not, I aſſure you, Sir, I am not naturally ſuſpicious, nor did I ever love to be ſatyrical. Yet, I own, when you ſo candidly mentioned their condeſcenſion, you reminded me of the apology, a young tradeſman once made me for appearing above his circumſtances; I do not do it to pleaſe myſelf, ſays he, but that the world, which, you know, Sir, loves ſhow, may have, Sir, a higher opinion of my

ſtock in trade, which gets one credit. But allowing it to be a real condeſcenſion in them; ill fares it with the republic of letters, when the rabble gives law, and worſe than ſlaves are they, that ſtoop ſo miſerably upon any conſideration. Popular fame only with all its temporal emoluments, be the reward of thoſe, whether poets or others, who ſeek not in the firſt, middle and laſt place, to approve themſelves to their own judgment, or to what they are not aſhamed to confeſs to be a better authority.

As to what you ſo well obſerved, (and, Sir, I congratulate you upon it,) that we ought to have a tender reſpect, and even veneration for our Youth, who, we pray, may hereafter greatly excel their fathers, or who, we ought to fear, will ſhame us, if they ſhall have nothing for which to thank and revere our memory: this is moſt heartily granted. But, Sir, may not the end you mention, that of knowing a boy's genius, be obtained by means, at once more eaſy to the ſcholars, and more certain to the maſter tho' of no uncommon ſagacity? For as they gradually conquer the difficulties of the ancient languages in reading the immortal models of hiſtory, eloquence, poetry, &c. their nature I ſhould imagine will at times break out, and ſhew, in ſpite of all their levity, which it is inclined to purſue. And if ever the Youth appears to be highly pleaſed with what he reads, if ever he is ready to wiſh he was himſelf the author, but bluſhes and trembles at the ambitious thought, or by turns now pants with hope, now languiſhes becauſe he dares not hope; if he is obſerved, either of his own motion,

tion, or at ſome gentle hint, to take up his pen, or burn what he has written becauſe the execution does not come up to his idea: there wants, Sir, nothing but encouragement. Let nothing be left undone, that may keep him from deſpair. Deſpair! that wide and hideous grave, where lies many a noble genius, that, after a thouſand ſtruggles for life and immortality, its ſtrength at laſt exhauſted, ſinks into hated yet voluntary oblivion, and ſtrives, but ſtrives in vain, to ſoothe remorſe with the opiate of ſenſual pleaſure. From the anguiſh of ſuch a diſtracted mind, GOD preſerve our BRITISH Youth. May they be taught to practiſe temperance and due induſtry, a brave indifference to the world, and an honeſt ſelf-dependence: and, far from affecting popularity, be fired into a nobler ambition by ſtudying day and night the beſt tranſcripts of Nature ancient and modern, but eſpecially their common Model herſelf, whoſe ſcenes are infinitely various, and can never be exhauſted by the human pencil. So may they, (for thus only can they,) arrive to that full perception of Truth and Beauty, which is neceſſary to thoſe, who would excel in any of the ingenious arts. That full perception of Truth and Beauty: which fixes the Painter's eye, enlivens his fancy, and emboldens his pencil: which informs the Statue into life and action: which varies, governs and impaſſionates the Compoſer's harmony; and impowers him to becalm the ſoul into an Elyſium, or rouze all its finer faculties into that pleaſing perturbation, which, as exceeding the common felicity of mortals, may be juſtly termed enthuſiaſm.

That full perception of Truth and Beauty: which, abſtracting the enlarged Theoriſt from this material world, and even from the body, charms and refines him into pure intelligence. That full perception: which dictates to the modeſt Orator, and conducts him, imperceptibly to himſelf and audience, along the eaſy ſcale of ſoft perſuaſion up to an abſolute authority, and force o'er the mind fix'd as a ſtatue in deep attention; and which laſtly inveſts the Poet with all his eſſential majeſty and ſimplicity, impregnates, and inſtructs him to communicate that love of his country, and that love of liberty, which in the ſons of Britain are the ſame; I ſay, inſtructs him to communicate, from the fulneſs of his own heart, thoſe divine principles of true Patriotiſm, Virtue and Piety, in which POETRY, however ſhe may otherwiſe amuſe herſelf betimes, places always her principal delight, with which ſhe ever was, and ever will be inſpirited, when ſhe riſes to her fulleſt glory, and with which is wing'd, when ſhe makes her boldeſt excurſions into the inviſible and eternal worlds.

EIDYLLIA:

Upon loſing MILTON's PARADISE LOST, at LUSS ſituate upon LOCH-LOMOND at the foot of BEN-LOWMAN and a group of other vaſt mountains: An ODE.

FOOL that I was! My MILTON loſt!
Old HOMER's youngeſt ſon!

Luss! be for ever ſunk beneath
BEN's horrors pil'd around.

Sun's 'livening ray ne'er pierce thy gloom.
Thy hideous deep be drain'd.

Fiſhes to deviliſh ſnakes be turn'd:
Boatman to CERBERUS.

Mouth of the helliſh gulf be thou:
Its mortal damp thy air.

All o'er thy plains Vulcanos thick
Their burning ſands diſgorge.

Birds never warble chearful note;
Nor roam the humming bee.

Herds never graze, nor ſheep, nor goats;
Nor human voice be heard.

Crags

Crags other echo ne'er repeat
Than diſmal Furies' yell.

MERCURY laugh'd; and jeering cried,
I MILTON from thee filch'd.

So did APOLLO bid; and, ſee!
For thee a laurel holds.

To the blooming ISABELLA: An ODE.

CLOE you know, have heard her talk.
I'll tell you what ſhe thinks, my Dear.

Oh! for the man, deſerves my love;
Me, like Queen JUNO who adores,
Like VENUS, in a rapture eyes.
His fixed gaze, or downward look,
Or ſtarting wildneſs ſpeaks deſire.
Yet fears t' approach; or at my feet
His paſſion pleads, and in my eye
Like trembling priſoner ſeeks his fate.
I deign a ſmile. Intranc'd in love
He rivals JOVE in JUNO's arms.
I frown. He lightning-blaſted ſhrinks.
My horrors drive his ſoul aghaſt.
Again I ſmile. He thanks his Stars,
And me his Goddeſs for the grace.

I on

I on the rack of my diſdain
May torture him a thouſand times:
As oft he whines, and vows, and prays,
And readmitted thinks me kind.

Him would I love: o'er him wou'd rule,
As, JUNO! thou the heart of JOVE.
Such huſband, oh! dear HYMEN! give.
Nay do. And ſoon. Or I deſpair.

Let her deſpair, and warning be
To you, my blooming ISABEL!
In beauty's ſunſhine as you ſail,
All gay and pleaſant! to beware
The rocks and ſhelves of hated pride.

Upon ſeeing a fair MATRON with her Husband and Daughter at the Theatre; in anſwer to a young Officer, who very wittily broke out, *Venus! by God*: An ODE.

VENUS, d'ye ſay? For beauty not unlike.
But where's, my friend! the wiſh-inſpiring glance?
The ambiguous aſpect, lure and rack of love?
Pale, fluſhing languiſh? Or the ſcornful frown,
Ending repentant in a luſcious ſmile?

No.

No. Virtue inſpiriting that noble form
Than VENUS ever boaſted more divine
Sure has on earth deſcended to reveal
Herſelf. How lovely! Made thus viſible!
That ſhape how juſt! In that complection, fair
As innocence unſpotted, ſweetly glow
The mingled delicacies. In her eye
Sparkles her ſoul. Her features and her mien
High dignity yet goodneſs more expreſs;
All-beautifying and immortal grace.
And in her geſture each new attitude
Borrowing from her Guardian-Angel's Form
Still ſome new charm, as Iris from the Sun
The varying beauties of the light, reflects.
In crouded theatre by all admir'd,
With eyes untwinkling as in rapture fix'd,
Unconſcious and compos'd ſhe looks around:
Or on her Lord, or their Joint Image ſmiles,
Fair fruit and bleſſing of connubial love.

Such, Holy Matrimony! are thy joys!
Ye blooming Fair! like her, you too admire,
Beauty and Virtue ever think the ſame.
One with your love, all with your goodneſs bleſs:
And bloom immortal in a lovely Race.

Virtue's

VIRTUE's Expoſtulation with the BRITISH POETS: An ODE.

BRITANNIA's Genius! who alone enjoy'ſt
Fair Liberty well-balanc'd and ſecure,
Beſt nurſe of arts and ſciences divine:
Why doſt thou thankleſs thy poetic fire,
In ſubjects ſo unworthy, why miſpend?
Satyr, on objects as itſelf miſ-ſhap'd
Nature's abortions feaſting, grins unbleſt
Fell joy. Pretended Zeal for truth reveal'd,
But with an air and ſpirit, how reverſe!
Monopolizing bounds the Sovereign Grace:
In darkeſt myſtery gropes, yet ſcience vaunts;
And rancour-ſwollen e'en conſcience wou'd enſlave.
Romance, that goodly world in vain beheld
With all its gay enlivening ſcenes around,
Frantic in viſionary chaos roams:
Or with ſome fickly lovetale courts applauſe,
Tranſient as the low appetite inflam'd.

What! Have I then no charms? No images
O'er the intellectual creation ſpread,
To inchant the wandering fancy with delight,
And warm the generous heart? This wide expanſe
Of glory ſee! Where I, the Holy Nine,
Truth, and theſe Graces, my unnumber'd train,

Harmonious moving as the tuneful ſpheres,
From the Supream our borrow'd light diffuſe
On ſpirits elect, as on my Bleſſed Bards
Of old or late, prophetic or profane:
Whom panting I led up PARNASSUS' Height
Aloft to Fame. Dare you their guide reject?
Without me hope to immortalize your name?
Me, Univerſal Nature's boaſt, the ſource
Of Beauty's ſelf. Why then to you eſtrang'd?
Why unadmir'd? Unſung? But, BRITONS! know,
None Poets are but as by me inſpir'd.

VIRTUE's remonſtrance, HUME in viſion heard:
Awe-ſtruck awak'd, obey'd, and DOUGLAS ſung.

To ADVERSITY: An ODE.

HOW changeable is Man! Where now my joys?
My wonted ecſtacies? Preſumptuous hopes,
Still on the wing to imaginary bliſs,
Horizon-like ſtill flying as purſued?
Where now my admiration of this world,
Fond as the infant's gaze on ſpiring flames,
And with it fled? Few now are my deſires:
Nor longer feveriſh; but, if granted, pleaſe,
Yet, if denied, they ne'er my peace diſturb.
Since doubtful are all mortal good and ill;

Known

Known only by th' event ourſelves ordain,
As Wiſdom guides the ſoul, or Folly drives.
No mildew-fears my enjoyment ever blaſt,
Nor ſhall affliction gratitude craze,
Or cut the nerves of enterpriſing hope:
And if paſt remedy my faith pervades
Theſe earthly miſts to that All-ruling Love,
Which like the Sun ſtill bleſſes tho' unſeen.
With heart-ſtrings brac'd I now can view ſerene,
And humbly ſmile at FORTUNE's mighty threats,
Sweet pity ſhed, and, whom I can, relieve:
Waiting ſecure the dawn of heavenly light,
That ſoon this midnight-darkneſs ſhall diſpell,
And faith reward with viſion more enlarg'd
Of Nature's works. How faultleſs! How compleat!
As their Creator God ſupreamly fair!
Eternal! Infinite! Yet all are one!
Pure now my pleaſures: heart humane and bleſt:
My hopes immortal. Thanks, Adverſity!
Heaven's gentle Angel! tho' of viſage ſtern.
Whoſe power all mortals feel, yet few thy grace.

PHILOCLES:

PHILOCLES: A MONODY.

Scene: The Grove near the High-Church and College of GLASGOW.

WELL. Now my conſcious heart is lighter grown
For PLATO read, as PHILOCLES adviſ'd:
With whom, as cloſely may I Virtue's Mount,
As from our cloyſter'd ſtudy oft I climb'd
This Conſtitution-Hill, to ope our breaſts;
To brace our nerves, and ſtrengthen inward powers;
To drink like nectar mid-day's wholeſome air;
To enjoy, all-bleſſing Sun! thy chearful rays
In center of the blue expanſe, or feel
Thy influence, tho' in flying clouds conceal'd.
Winter retiring, but by ſlow degrees,
As loth its power and horrors to reſign:
Such was the ſeaſon, when, as now alone,
I with him often hither came, and us'd
This way to walk theſe whiſtling firs among.
Here was our path, juſt here, tho' now o'ergrown;
Since that, O Friendſhip! by thy foot untrod.

Since

Since laſt we here together ſtood retir'd,
Seven years, ſeven happy years flew o'er our heads;
And five years more have I my loſs deplor'd,
In learning's maze unguided by his clue.
Ah! Little did I then, what now I feel,
Expect. Ah! Little thought this ſolitude,
To me ſo grateful then, cou'd e'er become
The cauſe of heavineſs and ſighs renew'd.
Why do I fooliſh hither come ſo oft,
To ſtir up by each trivial circumſtance,
The ſad remembrance, ſad yet ever dear,
Of my Inſtructor and my faithful Friend?

I recollect
Much of his moralizing on this ſpot:
None that to forlorn friendſhip gives relief.
Our eye once that way turn'd, ſays he, Behold
That Gothic building, emblem, undeſign'd
I deem yet juſt, of Hierarchal Pride:
Which on yon clouded ſummit looking ſat,
Down on the layman's ſoul as on a worm;
Who gaping ſtrains his neck, and ſtaring eye,
And trembles at the ſpire, which to high heaven
Seems reaching, as the Prieſtly Pow'r rever'd.
Or elſe with that ſtupendous weight compar'd
His little cottage, and himſelf contemns.

Still

Still more the paintings when his eye revolves,
Or awful veſtments of deem'd ſanctity;
Or organ's ſolemn ſound his ſenſe o'erpow'rs;
And other decorations of the arts
Amuſing, then alone to men indulg'd:
All better ſcience and free thought unknown;
Which late, but, God be thank'd! at laſt aroſe,
And with them ſure attendant Goſpel-Light
Unclouded, as now ſhine thy ſmiling beams,
O ſun! Thus he fair Liberty wou'd ſing
Religious, Civil. And for principles,
So bleſt! wou'd oft his generous Father thank,
And for his Father thank his gracious God.

He left me muſing, muſing with delight,
On his not noiſy forward party-ſtrains
Of ſpecious liberty miſunderſtood:
But modeſt, gentle, friendly, and ſincere,
Benevolent to all. He ſoon return'd.
I had been ſcribbling. Pray, Sir! lend your ear.
He underſtood not for my faultering tongue,
And quivering lips; then took it, Let me read.
My chilling fears at his approving ſmile,
Bluſh'd into conſcious worth, till then unknown.
For ne'er wou'd he the embrio-genius cruſh;
He'd, as with parent-bill, pick th' opening ſhell.

He'd

He'd never ſnarle, my wildneſs ne'er deride;
But overlook, or ſoften as he read:
My fervour check, but, as he check'd, inflame:
My feeble judgment teach to apprehend,
Truth in ſimplicity how beſt adorn'd,
Fair Nature lovelieſt faithfully deſcrib'd.

Rules, how reverſe! now my officious Friends
With kindneſs ſurfeiting cram down my throat;
Which, like a vomit work, 'till quite diſgorg'd:
Vaunted Authority: or varying Taſte,
Elaborate, fine, ſo delicately ſmooth,
It ne'er the judgment nor the heart diſturbs:
Sly Caution whiſpering, Sir! it may offend.
Beſt be advis'd. Then take the conſequence,
Unknowing of the world, to me ingrate:
Or Slaviſh Imitation tho' of Greeks;
Whoſe Names ſo ſacred on thy wide-ſpread wings,
Thou, Memory! bear'ſt thro' immortality,
And, fluttering o'er this Iſland pleas'd, ſalut'ſt
Us happy, but for liberty abus'd.
Free as thy perſon, be thy genius free,
Earth's Envy, my BRITANNIA, Heaven's Delight!
The world is boundleſs. Nor has all its ſcenes,
Nor ever will the human pencil draw.
Bold Freedom's mighty Spirit uncontroul'd,

In bards of heav'n or earth, prolific works,
Sure as the Genial Sun, the ſame effects
For ever. Beauty's freſh perpetual ſtreams
Still flow as from an inexhauſted ſource,
To bathe the glowing fancy in new delight.
See! Theſe my Sons! I mean not to o'erawe.
Mark well their ſteps. Be reverent. Yet purſue.
Than copy ſervile, rather emulate.
Fear not by your ambition to offend.
For Fathers love to ſee their Sons excel.

Ah! Now,
My faithful Friend! I feel my fatal loſs.
What death denies, wou'd fancy cou'd ſupply;
Thy preſence with me as when real, to catch
Thy modeſty, thy firmneſs, gentle fire:
As when we riſing here together ſtood
To take, as I do now, my laſt farewel.
Thou did'ſt invoke this ſolitary grove,
Yon ſacred place, where to reſide you love,
Long may you love, ye Muſes ever bleſt!
Farewel, this peaceful happy ſcene, farewel!
Not forward inclination me at leaſt
Into the world, but filial duty calls;
Or duty's inclination ſweetly draws.
What we have learn'd, oh! may we ne'er forget!

May we be ever learning, tho' employ'd
In buſy ſcenes to ſtudy leſs benign!
For Science, like the Soul, is ever free,
Not bound by charters, nor to place confin'd.
Nor do ye, Muſes! on yon top alone
Up that ſteep brow above our ken abide:
(Or we in never-ending ſighs deſpair:)
But ſweetly deck the flowery plain below
At your PARNASSUS' Foot; nor there alone.
Of rural ſeats and fountains not aſham'd,
You viſit, whereſoe'er pure heart invokes.
Nor as we hope e'en palaces decline,
But bleſs the world with men, yourſelves inſpire.
From hence, but not from you, wou'd we depart.
Deſert not us, nor fly our wiſh'd embrace.
Oh! May ſome ſpark of your celeſtial fire
With love of virtue our young hearts inflame;
And howſoever diſtant ſtill unite.
Some Genius too we wou'd. How elſe admire
Your beauties ſhou'd we, or your pleaſures taſte?
Whatever portion, more or leſs, you deign,
As you command ſhall ever be improv'd:
And if Sincerity might ſwear, we'd ſwear.
Increaſe our portion then: ſince not our hearts
For wealth or pleaſure pant, or wide renown.
Other attachments dear that wiſh extort.

Much to my Father I, to Mothers both,
To Brothers and to Siſters much we owe.
Shall ſenſeleſs earth be grateful to his toil?
Shall his paternal orchards, or fair trees
Of his own planting, bear him fruit? I none?
Might he but ever ſay, I thank thee, Son;
Their anxious pains our Mothers ne'er repent;
Nor none, who love us, ever be aſham'd;
This, for more happineſs we cannot crave.

Such pious ſtrains I heard, with what delight!
Yet did not thank him; cou'd not. Pulſe alone
High-beating everlaſting friendſhip ſwore.
Yes, everlaſting: nor did I reflect,
That he was mortal. Elſe nor then my joy,
Nor grief at LEEDYATE elſe, had been extreme.
Me, there on friendſhip's happineſs intent,
Delightful theme! in hope of my reward
His generous ear to pleaſe, the news ſurpriz'd.
Down drop'd my trembling pen: nor ſince reſum'd.
Scarce, what I'd written, cou'd I more believe.
Now I may ſtay at home. My ſummer-jaunts,
Said I, for health, inſtruction now are o'er.
Paſt joys or griefs, how painful to review!

As ſome to BATH, I to my Friend retir'd,
An annual viſit paid: found other ſmiles,

Than

Than they I deem, more conſtant, more ſincere.
We chatted, walk'd, or wou'd together read;
With critical ſeverity chaſtiſe,
Truth undiſguis'd, and freedom unreſerv'd.
Sometimes he'd ſay, This, Sir! I had from you.
'Twas by reflection then all from yourſelf.
United ſo in heart and ſentiment,
All property was loſt. Nor was the praiſe,
Of what one wrote, to th' other e'er denied.

'Twas long the mournful viſit I defer'd,
In hope to find Parental Grief allay'd.
Not ſalutation's ſmile I then receiv'd,
As wont, but friendly welcome and compos'd,
Chearfully grave. Few were our words, and low;
Clock's pendulum too often heard: And, ah!
How ſlower now, than once, the heavy time
It meaſures out, in moments all perceiv'd!

Next morn deſir'd to play, I'd brought no lute.
But play I muſt on one, by chance I'd left.
Than ſinleſs Infant's ſmile, than Beauty's bloom,
Youth's gaiety, or Man's meridian ſtrength,
I, modeſt aged chearful Piety
For due reſpect too thankful, more admire.
And loth to play, yet to oblige inclin'd,

As Eaſy Friendſhip eaſily o'ercome.
I'd ſtole a grace. She turning drop'd a tear:
Then ſmil'd complacence, Sir! ſo ſung my Son.

DAMÆTAS from his morning-care return'd:
We took a walk. In ſilence ſad, or ſounds
Of chitchat forc'd ſcarce inwardly perceiv'd,
Well as we cou'd ſuppreſſing we conceal'd
His anguiſh he, and I my grief, reviv'd
By every little circumſtance around.

Full-loaden then the pear-tree; where reclin'd
Us'd PHILOCLES and I together read.
When firſt he brought me to his favourite tree,
For ſo he call'd it, Taſte this pear, how ſweet,
Not over luſcious; nor on palate leaves
A ſickly reliſh. Such ſhould pleaſure be.
This moral on it ſmiling he ingrafts.

Here as we paſs'd. He calmly look'd around;
Now on our wonted ſeat; then on the tree:
Then upward turn'd his eye. I bluſh'd at ſight
Of ſo much piety. He ſigh'd: and ſeem'd,
As he wou'd ſpeak. Now ſhall my longing ear,
Said I, his conſolations bleſt partake:
With hanging head long liſten'd; nothing heard:

Then

Then ſtole a glance: and knew not whether more
To pity or congratulate. He ſigh'd;
But ſigh'd, as Saints for immortality:
Nor ſpoke; ſave what the ſcene, a Father's look,
Silence, in deep ſolemnity combin'd,
Grief-healing ſtrains to me like theſe addreſs'd.

See this, of all that in my orchard grow,
The faireſt, my own planting, fragrant ſhade
Wide-ſpreading once o'er its young Lord my Son.
It ſtands. It flouriſhes. From waxen bole,
It ſhoots thick branches upwards and around:
And earlier fruit than common bore, ſtill bears.
Beneath its cumbrous bounty, how it bends!
Where's He then, we with ſweet ſolicitude
And ſtill-increaſing ſatisfaction nurs'd?
Who, with whatever joy can bleſs parental hearts,
All our fond labours dutiful o'erpaid.
In him I ſtrength and prudence felt renew'd.
Nor fear'd I age, nor life's infirmities.
But he is gone. And Age! How faſt it comes!
With its infirmities, how hideous grown!
Ah! ſuch a Son! And is he then deſtroy'd?
Blaſted my Son by angry lightning-flaſh?
Up by the root from God's creation tore?
Nor is tranſplanted to ſome kindlier ſoil?
And Virtue then a ſhadow? Heaven a dream?

His

His life and mine in a deluſion ſpent?
To this whole world the future give the lie?
Here Goodneſs ſmile? Confuſion there deſtroy?
Flat contradiction! impious diſbelief!
Thy cordial drops into a Father's heart,
Thy powerful drops, ſweet Hope divine! inſtill.
O God!
In all thy ways alike thy Goodneſs ſhines
Clear in my faith; tho' dark to mortal eye.

In pious equanimity ſerene
Such arguments a Father found. I none?
Oft have I heard, oft from my Mother heard,
That friendſhip is immortal. So my heart,
My beating heart and upward eyes perſuade.
But friendſhip mutual is, or not at all.
Therefore both parties live. Then lives my Friend.
Who was his Father's Glory, Mother's joy:
Of his Relations, Friends the dear delight:
To me a faithful guide. Was, did I ſay?
Art ſtill thy Father's glory, Mother's joy:
Of thy Relations, Friends the dear delight:
My guide thou art: ſtill ſhalt be, Faithful Guide!
Ah! Cruel Air! Of life and death alike
The cauſe, if thro' thee fevers are convey'd.
Where waſt thou Wholeſome Air? For purer breaſt
Thou coud'ſt not fill; nor play about a heart,

With ſentiments more generous e'er inflam'd.
Where waſt thou then? Sure not at thy command,
Veil'd Modeſty! Or didſt thou thy fair Charge
Neglect? Thou never didſt thy Charge neglect.
Did then the Nine, or ſome Angelic Choir,
Join in requeſt to the Almighty Lord?
Obtain? And thee diſpatch to rob the earth?
E'en this poor earth? In Angels' boſom then
Dwells envy? Or is Heaven itſelf too, poor?
Or did ye mean to puniſh us mankind;
As if he was not here enough eſteem'd?
Ah! Ye miſtook. We were not ſo ingrate.
Him all who knew, or lov'd him, or rever'd:
I, as a Father and a Friend, lament:
In learning's ſchool my Partner, Spur and Guide.
If ye my words, nor theſe my ſighs, believe;
Aſk that Tranſparent Form, who on me ſmiles,
And may'ſt thou ever ſmile, Sincerity!
Into my tongue then, Modeſty! inſpire
Some tender, not deſpairing epitaph.

PHILOCLIS cineres infra Præconis IESU.
Scripta legas: illum ſi vere agnoſcere velles.
Præclara illa quidem! Sed quam præclarior ipſe!
Quem Deus innocuum juvenem ſummiſque benignus
Florentem ſtudiis loca tranſtulit in meliora.

The

The MUSES Triumphant over VENUS. Or, The Poetical Viſion ſeen one Summer-evening beſide the River at ELGIN. A TALE.

WHAT means this ſtrange commotion? pleaſing pain!
What this impatience fluttering in my breaſt?
This boiling blood, as it wou'd burſt the veins?
Theſe ſhiverings thick as thoſe ſucceſſive waves?
This leaping heart? Theſe glowings? Bathing ſweats?
Forehead upriſing? Briſtled hairs erect?
Eyes ſwollen, guſhing into ſudden tears?
Sight how confus'd! How loſt! Or how transform'd!
Matter refining into thought. Thus you,
Blind Thamyris! and blind Mæonides!
And juſtly *equal to 'em in renown*
Thou, modeſt MILTON! Virtue's ſweeteſt Bard!
Pure air who always, now how purer draw'ſt!
Ranging as here on Fancy's wing, th' Immenſe
Of various Beauty, there on thought intuitive,
Cou'd I to thee be———!
Ye venerable Names! forgive my tongue
Thus uncontroul'd, for what can thought controul?
As well you know; forgive my trembling tongue's
Preſumption: did not you too, thus intranc'd
In heavenly, loſe your mortal ſight. Theſe Forms

How

How beauteous! ſpringing from material things,
As out of chaos roſe that ſolar ſphere.
In thick proceſſion fly theſe Images
Ideal, yet ſubſtantial, fair, divine,
Each faculty diſtending with exceſs
Of rapturous joy. What may this phrenzy mean!
Is it love, ye Muſes! or poetic fire?

The Nine deſcending heard; and with a ſmile,
Fear not, dear Boy! it is poetic fire.

Then towards me lower ſtill the Heavenly Choir,
Sweeping from ſouth to north a round career,
All over glowing fann'd me as they flew.
Not to the parch'd and fainting traveller,
Alone, deſpairing, if his eye diſmay'd
Wandering along the vaſt Arabian ſands,
Lights on ſome pool: to him not cooling draught
Is ſo reviving as that ſacred breeze,
Your wings, ye heavenly Muſes! o'er me ſpread.
Then up the ether ſprung. My eye purſu'd
Your rapid, ah! too rapid flight away:
My liſtening ear your wondrous harmony.
Fix'd were my eye and ear: ſoon fix'd in vain.
Ear firſt, then eye, as to the earth confin'd,
My infirmity upbraided. Penſive ſat

I long: and your departure, Muſes! mourn'd.
Ah! Pleaſing tranſport! Glorious viſion that!
Ah! Why ſo tranſient? Why like lightning-flaſh,
Why did ye, Muſes! ſhine and diſappear?
I thought myſelf in your ſweet influence bleſt.
Why ſo indulg'd? Does Heaven then tantalize?

Long mourn'd my fainting powers, and ſunk aſleep.
But from ſleep's troubled chaos ſoon awak'd.
When, lo! deſcending Queen URANIA alights,
Towards me advancing moves with grace divine,
Yet with an air, that ſtill'd my bluſhing fears:
Then, ſweeteſt mildneſs ſoftening her ſublime,
Nor letting my frail organs overpower;
The Holy Nine do never thoſe forſake,
Who with a pure affection us purſue,
With thee, O Virtue! our beſt gift inſpir'd.
Their ſtrains, their ſighs, from ſuch ambitious zeal
As all good ſpirits and ourſelves approve,
On circling waves float each way thro' the air,
E'en into PLUTO's realm ſpread ſilence, awe,
Self-hate, and whereſoe'er we are above,
Reach our not undelighted ears, from earth
Tho' come. Sometimes our muſic we ſuſpend,
Liſtening with raviſhment. Or Chorus-like
We catch, and ſwell your feebler notes aloft

Into

Into full melody thro' Heaven's concave,
Which rings, and makes immortal ſpirits bleſt:
Bleſt with the ſymphony, yet more the hope,
Their numbers to increaſe, tho' infinite,
Soon from your earth. For yon your manſions are,
Prepar'd. This cordial take. I drank. She flew:
And airy-ſandal'd MERCURY diſpatch'd
All that had paſs'd to CUPID to relate.
CUPID enrag'd ſtrait to the Cyprian Queen
Faſter than e'er flew arrow from his bow:
Lights whining on her lap, Mama! They've robb'd
Me. Who has? and of what? my Dear! And ſtroaks
His feathers flat bedew'd with ſweating rage.
URANIA, he ſaid, or CLIO, or 'em all,
Were in the plot. What plot? To rob my game,
Which long ago, dead as a ſparrow dead,
I kill'd, and had it in poſſeſſion fair.
You know, 'twas ſo. Be more particular.
Him that I talk'd of yeſterday. You laugh'd;
Yet not, as uſual, thank'd this faithful bow.
But time was, thro' his heart this dazzling point,
Bright beams reflecting from your beauty, Ma'am!
I ſhot with all my might. Nor is it ſmall;
As men and Gods, e'en JOVE himſelf well knows,
And ſhall know too. Say Muſes, what they will;
With whom we ſhare the world, and better half

Will

Will have, Mama! It ſplit his heart in two.
The halves together hung, but by a thread,
Weak ſingle thread. Too ſtrong it prov'd, my Dear!
Mama too my misfortunes then deride?
And to URANIA's join her cruel jeer?
Smile at my wrongs, mock at her CUPID's tears?
Patience, my Dear! Ceaſe, ceaſe that piteous ſquall.
It tears my bowels. Know, the Gods, and We,
To Fate Inexplicable all ſubmit.
And CUPID is a God. Yes, ſo I am.
And up he ſprings, and hugs her yielding breaſts.
With head reclin'd ſhe flatters in his ear,
Then to High Fate muſt CUPID too ſubmit.
Too long, my Dear! haſt thou the knave miſtook.
No more on bed of ſloth he lies ſupine,
In hopeleſs love's ſoul-melting dreams diſſolv'd,
Beneath night's ſable curtain, or the rays
Of Sol, who ſmiles around, but cannot chear
Without our gracious leave. Such once our power.
For other flame his heart has long poſſeſs'd.
And other wings, than thine, have bore aloft.
Come. The myſterious cauſe I'll now unfold,
Of thy diverſion, and my vengeance due.
Why ne'er before? Lie down. He fell ſupine.
With nectar'd linen ſoft his eyes, ears, face,
She wip'd, and look'd, and kiſs'd his dimpled cheek.

Not

Not thee, ſweet Child! more than myſelf they wrong'd.
My vengeance thou unknowing execut'ſt
As oft, ſo then. For prithee what offence
Againſt thy honour did he e'er commit?
Me, impious from his childhood, he deſpis'd.
Yet liſping did the little urchin ſing,
Above me raiſing SOPHIA forſooth,
Nay ſmile, fair Archetype!
Whence Jove his Venus form'd.
Such an affront to Majeſty divine
Unpuniſh'd never fell from human tongue:
Nor ever ſhall. Severe is my revenge:
And love, a torture, with My Smile unbleſt.
Implacable yet none but PLUTO's rage
Of all the Gods; and therefore I relent:
Since Fate will have it ſo. Let CUPID learn,
When his Mama forgives, he muſt forgive.

Tale ended, Mother preach'd. He drop'd aſleep:
Nor, that I know, has ever ſince awak'd.

To the late Lord SHAFTSBURY's Ghoſt; ſpoken after the above Poems, before him early one Morning, in a Viſion: An ODE.

MY Muſe her fate from your deciſion waits.
Her talent, Sir! tho' ſlender you'll approve,
As ſtill devoted, Virtue! to thy cauſe.
And Awful Virtue bids, Let that ſuffice,
Stopping Ambition's voice, yet not her ſigh
To win APOLLO's laurel, your applauſe;
For your applauding Smiles immortalize.
Oh! Say, you hope at leaſt, I may excell.
That friendly Hope, conſpiring with my own,
Shall, like this riſing Sun, the dewy damps
Of the Soul's midnight indolence diſperſe:
Shall to the zenith ſnatch my ſtrengthen'd eye,
To view Fair Nature's univerſal glow;
And with her genial heat my heart inſpir'd,
Delightful ſympathy! ſhall to my lips
Inſtinctive prompt th' involuntary ſong.

FINIS.